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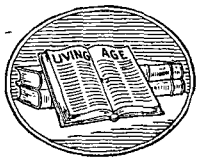

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JAPAN AS MISTRESS OF CHINA

BY H. M. HYNDMAN

GREAT BRITAIN and Japan are close allies by the definite treaties and agreements of 1902, 1905, and 1911. These arrangements, unless some secret modifications have been made over the head of Parliament and the public, will come to an end in 1921. By the original Convention the two countries mutually guaranteed one another's possessions in Asia, Japan pledging herself to uphold British suzerainty in India; Great Britain undertaking to the like for the Japanese ownership of Korea. Needless to enlarge upon the obvious fact that matters are in a very different position now from what they were, even in 1911, when the last settlement was made, which extended the Anglo-Japanese understanding for another ten years from that date.

For one thing, Japan, who has carried out her undertakings toward the Allies during the period of hostilities, is very much stronger financially, economically, and politically than she was when the war began. In fact, Japan and the United States are the only two of the Allied Powers who are in this fortunate position. All the rest are greatly weakened by the strain of four and a half years of the tremendous struggle now coming to a close. Consequently, unless the United States takes a very different and much more definite line than she has adopted hitherto, Japan will be able to do pretty much what she likes in the Far East, and particularly in China. The belief that the inchoate League of Nations will be able to prevent this rising Power of Asia from following up the determined policy which she has been pursuing for the past twenty years is like one of those illusions with which our politicians so genially played before August, 1914. The Hague Conventions neither induced Germany to keep the peace, when she thought it was to her advantage to go to war; nor did they have the slightest influence in harmonizing her methods during the period of hostilities. Making due allowance for the differences between the position and race of the two nations, I venture to predict that Japan will follow the course of the great aggressive Empire of modern Europe. Indeed, she is already doing so, much more successfully than her Western predecessors.

Her alliance with our own country has not only helped Japan materially

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to attain her ends, as far as she has achieved them, but the rulers of our policy in the East are blind or apathetic in reference to the further steps toward the realization of her full 'Continental' programme which she is now taking. Japan and the Japanese are popular in Great Britain. A systematic propaganda has been carried on in Great Britain to create and extend this feeling among us; but the Japanese have never been popular with those of our own countrymen who live in China and Japan. Our own possession of India, which we hold by right of conquest, as well as the terms of our alliance, prevent us, in many ways, from opposing adequately Japan's progress on the mainland of Asia. It is no easy matter for British statesmen effectively to denounce the Japanese policy of the absorption of China when England made herself mistress of an Empire containing 315,000,000 of inhabitants by very similar commercial and military tactics.

For it is the absorption and domination of China upon which Japan is steadfastly bent, whatever may be said or written in Paris, in London, or in Washington to the contrary. The Chinese themselves have no doubt whatever about that. They point to Korea as an example of the fate which awaits China if the Great Allied Powers give Japan the free hand in Asia which her statesmen think, with some justice, they will be forced to accord to her. Korea, like China to-day, was to have been left with the 'open door' to European and American traders and settlers. Nothing of the kind now. The whole of Korea is in the hands of Japanese merchants and traders, who carefully keep the entire market to themselves. The Koreans are subject to the most stringent economic as well as political, military, and social pressure. Here is an account, by a well-known Korean, of the way in which economic power is used to enforce complete domination upon the Korean people. A Japanese colonization company was anxious to obtain lands from the Koreans in order to settle them with Japanese. The Koreans, naturally enough, refused to sell land for this purpose. Thereupon, the Japanese Government took the matter in hand. Its Imperial Bank of Chosen, at Seoul, called in all the circulating medium in the country, though the Koreans could only pay their taxes and the cost of their necessaries of life in cash. After this financial ukase, only by selling their land at one half down to one fifth of its previous price could the Koreans obtain this essential money. Then the richest land thus reduced in value by forced sales, was bought by the agents of the bank for tens of thousands of imported Japanese emigrants!

Teaching the language of the Koreans is forbidden in the public schools, just as Polish was tabooed in Prussian Poland. It is even alleged by Mr. Chung that ancient works of Korean history and literature have been systematically collected and burned by the Japanese, and that now Koreans may not go for education to Europe or America. When it is borne in mind that Japan owes her civilization to China, through Korea, and that this fact is publicly acknowledged on monuments throughout Japan, we can scarcely imagine a worse form of Oriental tyranny. Yet Japan has hitherto left the whole of this terrible indictment unanswered. No wonder that the Koreans have recently been in revolt against such ruthless foreign rule.

Seeing all this done, contrary to justice and treaty rights, in an old civilized country, which was quite recently a province of China, the

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Chinese themselves may well feel alarmed at the encroachments now being made on their own independence. Nor can they be in the least confident that the Western Powers and the United States will save them from the increasing menace of Japanese tyranny, though their nominal control over the province of Shantung, wrested from Germany by the Japanese, aided by a very small English contingent, will be restored to them—'nominal control,' because Japan will continue to exercise all the economic influence to which she, at this stage, attaches most importance.

Japan is still a very poor country, even when full account is taken of all that she has gained in money and markets during the war. Her scope of cultivated land does not suffice for her increasing population, she has no great mineral resources. Yet in forty years she has sprung up from being a nation viewed with amused tolerance to a recognized position as one of the great Powers of the world. Her army and navy are admirable, but costly. The ambitions of the statesmen who are still guiding her policy are boundless. Those who know Japan best, and have most carefully watched her growth, and her attitude toward engagements which tend to hamper her 'manifest destiny' are convinced that no scruples will restrain her. That again is the view of the Chinese, who have had better opportunities of forming a judgment than anybody else.

And now, close at hand, no longer separated by the sea, with powerful Japanese armies and fleets within striking distance of her most vulnerable points, lies the peaceful and divided Republic of China, possessed of possibly the most valuable undeveloped wealth in the whole world. In the province of Chihli alone there is available coal enough to last, on a gigantic scale of expenditure, for 1,000 years. There are in China also iron and other rich mineral deposits of every kind. The enormous population of this splendid Empire is industrious, physically capable, educated, and accustomed to obedience. China wants nothing but vigorous leadership and scientific development to become actually, as she is potentially, by far the most powerful nation in the world. This leadership Japan can at once supply. Japan was prevented by the White Powers from displacing the Mongol Dynasty, according to Asiatic custom, after her triumphal victory over the Chinese armies in 1894–95. That she has never forgotten. Now these interfering Westerners have been carefully engaged in bleeding one another white. This, therefore, the Japanese say, is our turn. We will take advantage of it at once.

So Japan thought, and so she acted when on 18 January, 1915, Mr. Hioki handed to President Yuan Shih-Kai the famous series of demands upon China which, if accepted in their integrity, would have handed over the Flowery Land entirely to the domination of the Japanese Government. Nothing less than that. Industrially, militarily, politically, financially, commercially, administratively, China, with its 350,000,000 or 400,000,000 of inhabitants, would become little more than a huge province of the Japanese Empire. Even the police of China was to be a Japanese constabulary. No fewer than 60,000 Japanese bureaucrats were in readiness to establish thoroughgoing Japanese officialdom in place of the inefficient old government by Mandarins and literati. Powerful armies were in array in Manchuria and Shantung ready to enforce compliance with the ruinous terms formulated.

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Throughout the conferences between the Chinese and Japanese negotiators, the latter took the highest possible tone. Practically, as the official account of the twenty-four meetings show, Japan defied all the rules of courtesy or even international decency, and reduced the discussions to a series of ultimatums which were so many undisguised threats. China appealed to the civilized world to help her in this her extremity. In vain. Although America had not then entered upon the war against Germany — she was then in the 'too proud to fight' stage — the statesmen of the United States were as ineffective as their fully-occupied brethren in Europe. At last, on 7 May, 1915, Japan submitted her final ultimatum, which was really a menace of the immediate invasion of helpless China. So China gave way. There was nothing else she could do. Fifteen out of the twenty-one points urged by Japan were perforce conceded, which gave to Japan the bulk of her immediate claims in regard to Manchuria, Shantung, Fukien, railways, mines, military advisorship, supplies of munitions, and commercial advantages.

To no purpose did the Chinese representative urge that some of the Japanese demands directly conflicted with arrangements already made with Great Britain, and other nations. That went for nothing. Even the remaining six demands upon China, which would complete her humiliation and subjugation, were not withdrawn. Their enforcement was only postponed. Since then China has been further shown how little reliance she can place upon her foreign friends. Mr. Lansing, in his correspondence with Count Ishii, actually adopted and sanctioned the latter statesman's claim of 'territorial propinquity' as justifying Japan's attitude on the Chinese question. That sinister doctrine would justify endless piracy in Europe as well as in Asia.

But China is now one of the Allies in the war against Germany, which is not yet finally concluded, even at the time of writing. Does the Peace Conference, does the League of Nations, secure China from the full assertion of Japan's supremacy over her territory? Once more the Chinese are quite certain that neither the one nor the other will do her this crucial service. And Great Britain, the country most deeply interested in honestly maintaining the independence of China, actually chooses this moment to discriminate against the importation of Chinese tea as an evidence of her good feeling toward the people of this great but much harassed Republic! Meanwhile the Japanese are lending both the discordant elements in the Chinese Republic large sums of money at high rates of interest, and are formally accused of fomenting the civil war, and internal disturbances generally, in order to weaken China and prepare the way for a great coup at a propitious moment. As Europe and America seem unable or unwilling to intervene, the only hope for China lies in the poor possibility of a rapid growth of the democratic anti-annexionist movement in Japan itself.

A completely new and more enlightened policy is called for in Asia on the part of all nations in any way interested in that vast and populous continent. If Great Britain, France, and other European Powers insist upon shutting their eyes to what is going on in the territories which they at present control, and if, neglecting to uphold the freedom of nationalities in the East as in the West, they allow Japan to have her own way in Asia, then a war even more terrible than that which is now being concluded may easily confront our successors.

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A NEW WITNESS

THE STORY OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA

We are having a flood of memoirs. Helfferich, Jagow, Tirpitz, Ludendorff, and perhaps others still more eminent in rank, are anxious to tell the preliminary history of the war. We shall probably have the novel experience of hearing the participants in the greatest tragedy of history telling the people how it happened that the world was set on fire, not with the cool afterthought of later decades, but in the heat and passion of the moment. To be sure, it is a question as to whether we shall thus learn those phases of the situation which are not on the surface and whether these disclosures will reveal more than the outer symptoms of the great disease which has seized the human race. For never were the ostensible and the real reasons of an event in such marked contrast, in such painful opposition to each other as in this war. The real reason was a long cherished resolve of France to regain Alsace-Lorraine, the determination of England to defeat Germany's maritime ambitions and the plan of Russia to destroy Austria-Hungary. The ostensible reasons were the note to Serbia and the general mobilization of Russia. No other person is better qualified to bring out these points than the former Ambassador to the German Empire, Graf Pourtalés. He did not know the determining evidence as to the direct responsibility for the war contained in the revelations of the Suchomlinof trial. But when he wrote down the facts in his diary, he was conscious of the military influences at work and he saw clearly how helpless Sazonoff was in the hands of the army people, how his excitement and agitation grew beyond his control and how, in spite of the efforts of the rest of the world, this arrogant criminal precipitated the catastrophe.

Let us begin with the end, which contains the most interesting and important information which Graf Pourtalés gives us. It was July 31st. A person who has read and compared the dispatches of all the foreign offices will remember how the wires were actually hot at that moment with the passage of thousands of communications, how every day was crowded with diplomatic communications, reports, appeals, reproaches, and complaints. However, no one of these dispatches was more important than the communication of Graf Berchtold on the 29th of July that he was always ready to discuss the different points in the ultimatum with Russia. That was the subject of controversy. The monarchy had resisted this for a time, with a sensitiveness easily explained at the thought of having a matter involving its relations with Serbia submitted to a third Power. Graf Pourtalés had been laboring with Minister Sazonoff both day and night. He had begged him and implored him not to take up arms on account of Serbia, but had merely been able to get a promise that Russia would not continue its mobilization if Austria-Hungary modified its ultimatum. Finally, on the night before the 31st of July, Pourtalés received the report of the concession made by Vienna, which in his opinion was an assurance of peace.

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He describes the incident and this description will be forever a memorable example of the blindness of a ruler and the complete indifference with which orders are issued that later cost the life of millions. Let us hear what Graf Pourtalés says:

'Early on July 31st, I got ready to go to the Foreign Office in order to announce the contents of the telegram I had received, when the Military Attaché, Major Eggeling, came in and told me that the mobilization order for the whole Russian army and fleet was already posted on the street corners. The telegram from Vienna had inspired me again with hope, but I now realized absolutely that war was unavoidable. Since I had learned during the interval that Sazonoff was in Peterhof with the Tsar, I went immediately to his assistant, Neratof, and informed him of the contents of the telegram received the previous night. I added that, unfortunately, the prospect of an agreement afforded by the Vienna telegram had been completely destroyed by the final mobilization against us. The news of the Russian mobilization would in my opinion come like a lightning stroke to my country. . . . I could not understand how the Russian Government, after having solemnly assured us two days previously that no military measures against us would be taken, had resolved upon the tragic step of mobilization at the very moment when it knew that our Emperor and the German Government were, as the last Vienna telegram showed, endeavoring to mediate between Petrograd and Vienna. The general mobilization of the Russian army could only be interpreted by us as indicating that Russia was resolved to fight in any case. Consequently, it would unchain the tempest in Germany. . . . Mr. Neratof was obviously affected. He made no reply, but limited himself to telling me he would inform the Minister of my remarks. Returning to the Embassy, I asked Mr. Sazonoff, who was at Peterhof, to come to the telephone. Since the Minister replied to my telephone communication only with a noncommittal remark, I decided to appeal directly to the Tsar in order to impress him personally with the seriousness of the situation. After a short delay, I received in reply to my request to the Tsar's aide-de-camp, notice that I would be expected by the next train. . . . It was, however, quite incredible that the Tsar should not be fully aware of the consequences of the mobilization which he had declared. . . . Arriving at Peterhof, I was received by the Tsar in his little workroom in the small Palace Alexandria. His Majesty received me very graciously and asked me what I was bringing, whether I had a proposal from Berlin. I said that I had nothing, but that at this critical juncture I had made use of my privilege as an Ambassador to appeal directly to His Majesty. It was my wish to explain personally to His Majesty what, in my opinion, would be the immediate effect of a general Russian mobilization upon Germany. I described this effect in practically the same words that I had used in speaking with Assistant Minister Neratof, and emphasized particularly that this mobilization constituted a threat and a challenge to Germany and that it occurred at the very moment when our Emperor was eagerly trying to mediate between Russia and Austria. Consequently, it could not fail to be regarded as an insult to His Majesty. The Tsar quietly allowed me to finish my statement without indicating by his expression what his own thoughts were. His first reply to my statement was merely, "*Vous croyez vraiment?*"—"Do you really think so?"

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I had the impression that this exalted personage either possessed to an unusual extent the gift of self control or that, in spite of my earnest representations, he did not appreciate the full seriousness of the situation. When I stated that the only thing that in my opinion might still prevent war would be to recall the mobilization order, the Tsar replied: "I am fully aware, since I myself have been an officer, that to countermand the order given is no longer possible for technical reasons." The Tsar then showed me a telegram to the Kaiser, which he was at the point of sending and a letter which he had begun to His Majesty, explaining his attitude. I permitted myself to observe that in my opinion it was already too late to have such communications effective.

'The Tsar then started a general discussion of the situation and obviously at the suggestion of Sazonoff pointed out the necessity of our exercising strong pressure upon Austria-Hungary. In saying this, the monarch used an appropriate gesture. Such pressure was essential for the peace of Europe. I replied, describing the moderating influence which we had exercised over Austria-Hungary during the Balkan war on several occasions, something that Russia had recognized and acknowledged. At the present time, we were not failing to employ friendly persuasion with the Vienna cabinet, as the Tsar knew. We could not be expected to exert force against Austria-Hungary. Our situation in Europe did not permit us to imperil our friendly connections with our allies.

'The Tsar received this statement in silence, apparently not appreciating its validity. I made one more effort to impress upon the Tsar the danger that this war involved for the monarchical principle. His Majesty admitted this, merely remarking that he hoped that everything would turn out for the best after all. When I commented that I could not see any possibility of this if the Russian mobilization was not stopped, the Tsar pointed above and said: "Then there is only One who can help us."

'His Majesty then dismissed me with some very gracious words, in which he expressly thanked me for coming and talking with him so frankly.'

This ended the remarkable conversation. With such incredible calmness Tsar Nikolas signed his own death warrant and the death warrant of his government. Nothing could help, neither the telegrams of rulers nor the appeals of Kriveschein and the old Court Marshal Friederich, who was moved to tears. Even Sazonoff was touched. His whole attitude betrayed a nervous impressionable man, who perhaps was a lover of peace at heart, but not strong enough to resist the military leaders. At the beginning and as recently as July 21, he was mild, yielding, and inclined to oppose the particularly aggressive agitation of the French Ambassador, Paleologue. The negotiations with Count Szatary were progressing and Sazonoff gave assurances that he had no objections to make to several points in the note. '*Il ne s'agit peut-être que de mots*'— 'It is perhaps only a matter of words.' He insisted that golden bridges will be built for Austria-Hungary. But immediately afterwards it became evident that the military men in whose midst the Tsar was, at the camp of Krasnoie Selo, and at whose head was Archduke Nikolas Nikolaievich, were going to ruin the peace policy. Matters reached an open break in the personal relations between the Ambassador and the Foreign Minister. But immediately afterwards Sazonoff, to use the expression of Graf Pourtalés, fell upon the latter's neck, and the game started all over

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again, between the double dealing, ingratiating Foreign Minister and the military party which employed false assurances and sought to deceive Germany at any cost. Sazonoff himself said: 'What could I, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, do when the Minister of War assured the Tsar that mobilization is necessary?' Whether he was really so naïve or whether the comedy had not been arranged beforehand, and every man was playing his allotted part, are questions which cannot yet be answered finally.

The German Ambassador has at least been completely justified against the reproaches of Prince Lichnowsky as appears from a statement of Graf Hertling. He never preached the advantages of blind confidence in one's enemies and, above all, he did not overestimate the power of military influence which destroyed all prospects of an agreement and would not even permit peace to continue after the monarch had accepted English intermediation. The appeal of the Tsar to the Deity, who alone could have rescued the situation, at a moment when he was fully determined on war, seems like the cynicism of a heartless man. Russia and Russia alone, for this is certain from evidence we have, was directly responsible for the war. It has paid the bitter penalty.

The Neue Freie Presse

PRESENT DAY GERMANY

BY H. N. BRAILSFORD

I

A TRAVELER who is trying to form an idea of the trend of thought in a strange country, has several methods open to him. He may attend meetings, and read newspapers and pamphlets with diligence. He may seek out the abler men and women in politics, and probe them with questions. He may listen, silently if possible, to the voices of the street. I used all these methods during a three weeks' stay in Germany. In the end, after many interviews and much reading, I left off where I began. Entering Germany from Austria, and wandering with many stoppages for three days and nights over the inconceivably disorganized railways of Bavaria and Saxony, I had the chance of listening to the talk of dozens of fellow travelers, who came and went in the crowded carriages. Two conversations stand out in my memory as typical. A group of Bavarian ladies from a little country town had been telling of the civil war, and the lack of food, of their efforts to clothe themselves and feed their children. 'It is far worse than the war,' said one of them. 'During the war we had hope. We knew it must end one day. Now there is no hope.' The other conversation began at Leipzig, in a carriage full of obviously well-to-do people, including a major and a colone 's wife. They discussed the forecasts of the coming peace from Paris, and for a

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ong time what they said was conventional. No people could accept these terms and live: it was ruin, moral, political, and financial. It meant the end of Germany. Suddenly a handsome elderly man in the corner, a manufacturer as it turned out, intervened with something like this speech: 'Well, you know, we set a very bad example. Don't forget what we did at Brest. The Entente is doing to us as we did to Russia. The real authors of this tragedy are Ludendorff and the Kaiser.' I expected an angry protest. There was none. 'That's true,' came from two or three of the passengers. The soldier sat silent. The colonel's wife began to vilify the Crown Prince.

Up to the publication of the draft treaty these two conversations in the train would serve as a clue to German thinking. Two strands ran through it—a black abysmal hopelessness, and an almost morbid self-blame. Omitting the impenitent Pan-German newspapers, whose influence is negligible, *Vorwärts* and the Liberal *Berliner Tageblatt* had dropped the old attempts to minimize the responsibility of Germany's rulers for the war, and references to the contributory guilt of others were confined to qualifying phrases in parentheses. The condemnation of the violation of Belgium, the devastation of the Somme, and the U-boat excesses was general, and manifestly sincere. There was a real effort to understand the attitude of the Entente in these matters. An official article published by the government department responsible for the prisoners of war contained a really moving appeal to the German public to understand how the French peasant feels when he returns to his devastated farm on the Somme. The official offer to raise a corps of volunteer laborers to repair the havoc in France and Belgium was more than a perfunctory move. German opinion is ashamed of Ludendorff's performances, and wishes not only to separate itself from them, but even to do penance for them. That phrase ('to do penance for the sins of our late rulers') actually occurred in the resolution passed by the immense Socialist (Majority) mass meeting of protest against the Treaty held in Berlin last week. English opinion is puzzled by the survival of certain personalities in politics, but Herr Erzberger, for example, has to his credit a long and determined struggle against the U-boat campaign. The newspaper *kiosques* in Unter den Linden, in railway stations, and even in hotels, displayed an infinite variety of pacifist pamphlets, which had a ready sale, while in the street hawkers were shouting every evening the title of a big pamphlet which explained 'how our rulers lied us into the war.' To this overwhelming current of opinion there was virtually no resistance. Among the Independent Socialists and the pacifists of long standing this tendency to put the whole blame for the war on the former rulers of Germany was so uncritical and so simple-minded, that few of them realized even faintly the menace of the Entente's Imperialism. A fortnight ago Mr. Wilson's name was mentioned everywhere with veneration, and, stranger still, I met Germans who were startled and almost shocked because I did not share their admiration for Mr. Lloyd George. This mood visibly passed with the publication of the Treaty. What Germans saw in it was above all a cold-blooded project for the destruction of a commercial competitor. The curious thing, however, about the comments on this cruel document was that few of them (I except the *Vossische Zeitung*) were definitely anti-English. The moral drawn, even in clerical newspapers, and by the popular Centre

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leader, Giesberts, was that 'capitalism' had in this Treaty unmasked itself.

For the extinction of all hope and energy in the German people, the continuation of the blockade during the last six months is chiefly to blame. At the moment when the hope, I will not say of victory, but even of a balanced, negotiated peace, vanished suddenly, there was just one chance for the sanity of an unhappy people. That chance was work. We denied it, not merely by withholding food (which began to arrive in small quantities in April), but even more by denying raw materials. The chief industries were at a standstill. Swedish ores were for the first time cut off by the blockade, and with them the iron of Lorraine. I saw the textile towns of Saxony, with their forests of mill chimneys that smoked no longer. If it was true of millions of workmen that they could not work, it was true of others that they would not. The motive to work was absent. Wages were useless, for there was little to buy. Clothing was prohibitive in price. The stimulus of innocent pleasure was withdrawn. One cannot buy coffee or tea or tobacco (the best shops advertise a mixture containing 30 per cent). There is practically no sugar or butter, and the jam is a nasty concoction of turnips. Why work, if wages will buy nothing? The unemployed allowance would just suffice to buy the inadequate rations of bread, meat, and potatoes. Since work was denied, the mind of the worker sought other interests. Some gambled — one sees them engaged in it at every street corner. More turned to politics. Restless, disillusioned, and grasping at any new hope, they first expected that a government with a majority of Socialist Ministers would at least make a beginning in socializing industry. The Scheidemann Cabinet did nothing of the kind, nor has it, I believe, any intention of doing any thing. It pleads financial difficulties says this is a bad time to begin deplores the obstructive prudence s natural to the 'moderate.' It has gon so far in resisting proposals to 'social ize' suitable industries, that even th liberal *Berliner Tageblatt* and *Frank furter Zeitung* have begun to blam its inaction. As the workmen saw Parliament withdraw itself to Weimar, there to lose itself in interminable committee work over the Constitution, they lost faith in the old Parliamentary forms. The demand for some form of 'Soviet' as a recognized part of the Constitution became irresistible. With some a mere fashion, with others a mode of expressing discontent, with others again a real constructive idea, the Soviet had become a symbol of revolt. The crushing of Spartacus in no way weakened the movement. The only result of the demonstration, that armed revolt is destined to defeat, has been to promote the strike. All the strikers, from the miners of the Ruhr to the bank clerks of Berlin, put forward political demands, and all of them based themselves on the Soviet idea. The strikes were in fact a far more deadly form of social disintegration than the fighting. They end only to begin again after an interval for recuperation. The Ruhr miners, for example, have worked for barely half the period from Novem ber to May, and by the end of April the output of coal had fallen in Ger many generally to one per cent of the normal quantity. The effect on the railways and on industry can be imagined. Capital values are being ruined steadily. At every big station one sees long queues of dilapidated locomotives which cannot be repaired. Some of the coal mines are hopelessly flooded. Machinery is everywhere being ruined for want of lubricating

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oil. For years the science and energy of this race fought the consequences of the blockade. To-day one feels that the struggle has been abandoned; the tough will has been broken. The motive power of hope has failed.

The problem of to-day, with or without help and understanding from the West, is to re-create hope. It is partly a physical problem. A doctor would prescribe a rest-cure, with abundant and stimulating food, for the whole nation. It is not merely half-starved: it is in a state of nervous ill-health, that varies according to temperament from dull apathy to neurotic over-excitement. But even if the blockade ended to-morrow, if food were poured in, and credits granted to restart industry, I doubt whether German politics would then begin to enter a normal path. The sounder a people is, and the more its health recovers, the more will it seek to open some door of hope. The crime of this Treaty is that it kills hope. Everyone in Germany had hoped for an end of wars: but there will be no rest, if these annexations to Poland are maintained. Everyone had built on the League of Nations: it is at best a disappointing structure, and from it Germany is excluded. To unite with Austria would have been some compensation for the loss of Alsace and Posen, which everyone knew to be just: that also is excluded. All this, however, is trifling, compared with the economic ruin that faces Germany. To lose every trading centre, and footing, and facility in China, Africa, Turkey, Russia; to lose the entire mercantile fleet, to be denied reciprocal right in tariffs, transport, foreign residence; to see no prospect of obtaining raw materials on equal terms — all this means, to say nothing of the humiliation, a return to the economic conditions of the middle of last century. With no means of restoring her foreign trade, Germany must somehow maintain a population which can live only by foreign trade. Apart altogether from the indemnity, that prospect means ruin in the most literal sense. It means that for fifteen or twenty millions of the population it will be impossible by exchange to purchase the necessary food from abroad.

II

Of the indemnity I will say nothing: it cannot under these conditions be paid. One may ruin Germany, if one so pleases. One might exact, after a couple of years for recuperation, a reasonable contribution for reparation. One cannot do both. How will the future shape under this Treaty? Will it, in the first place, be signed? The odds are, that sooner or later (probably sooner), it will be signed. There lives no single German who would sign it, save under the dread of literal starvation. I believe that the Democratic Party, roused by Theodor Wolff of the *Tageblatt* is sincere in its refusal to sign, and unless there are large modifications, its members will leave the Cabinet rather than sign. This party has no working-class electors: the middle class can always buy some food. The Majority Socialists and the Catholic Centre are both divided, but both on the whole incline to sign in the last resort under protest, for their working-class followers (including the Catholic Centre's women voters) would not pardon leaders who condemned them to starvation. The Independents are almost alone in saying openly that there is no alternative to signature; but they are too shrewd to relieve the present Ministry of the responsibility. Some change of persons is possible, both in the Cabinet and in the delegation at Versailles, before the Treaty is signed. It may

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want much manipulation to obtain, by abstentions, some sort of majority for ratification in the National Assembly, and it is possible that the dread of assuming an odious responsibility may, after all, lead to the adoption of a referendum. In any event, the moral value of this signature will be less than nothing, for it will mean only that in its present condition of anæmia half the nation lacks the heroism to starve. In any event the act, whether of signing or not signing, will be fatal to the present Coalition. Their prestige at present is very low. If they sign, it will be lower still. If they should refuse to sign, the starving masses would wholly desert them.

I doubt whether as yet any single tendency is strong enough to dominate Germany after the hour of humiliation, and to hew out a road of hope. Parliament is flat, dull, and remote, and its ranks poor in notable personalities. There may be an attempt to form an all-Socialist Cabinet, but it could not secure unity. It must on the one hand omit the most compromised 'Right' Socialists, especially the detested Noske. On the other hand, neither the Communist leaders nor even such 'Left' Independents as Däumig are likely to join it, because they believe in a pure Soviet administration. Even if the more moderate Independents (Haase, Oskar Cohn, Kautsky, Breitscheid) and the 'Left' Majority (Kalisky, Cohen-Reuss) were to form a government with the tacit consent of the Assembly, it would be wrecked before long by the revolutionary tactics of the Extreme Left. The 'Left' leaders have learned by recent events that armed insurrection is doomed to failure, but they intend to continue the policy of strikes. The Communist leaders whom I saw impressed me as nervous wrecks, and every gesture and tone as they harangued the Berlin Soviet, suggested an abnormal condition. Behind them is an army of desperate men, the war cripples, the unemployed, the unemployable. In the general mood of despair, the future belongs to the most reckless group. No one has much to lose, and even for the propertied class, property has lost its value, if trade is out of the question and the workers will not work. The Versailles plan of exploiting Germany for a generation omits all reckoning with human nature. As another writer put it, in a late issue of the *Nation*, men are not bees, who will go on working if all the honey is taken periodically from the hive.

Sane men were trusted with one problem only — how to induce the workers to work again. Without some hope in the future it cannot be solved. Expedients for creating hope are many and contradictory. The old military party dreams, of course, of a *revanche* in the old style, and leagues of officers discuss the possibility of an air war, and play with schemes of a more or less secret militia. Their public as yet is small, and the general sense condemns this reversion to the past. There is much talk of an alliance with Soviet Russia, and some Pan-Germans, notably Professor Elzbacher, advise the adoption of Bolshevism *en bloc*. That seemed a trifle sudden, for all Berlin was still covered with ugly official posters depicting Bolshevism as a vampire. The real Communists refuse to coquette with this faction. A curious 'Continental' movement, with Bloch, Kalisky, and Cohen-Reuss as its leaders, has some footing among the 'Left' Socialist majority. It believes in an understanding with France and Russia to break the Anglo-American economic ascendancy. The idea of any understanding with France seems, however, fantastic, and though there are brilliant men (notably Julius Ka-

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lisky) in this circle, I doubt if it is as yet more than a group of literary *frondeurs*. The orthodox Socialist position, to which the Independents give the most confident expression, is, of course, that this Treaty, as cruel as the Peace of Brest, will last no longer. They foresee an early change of opinion, perhaps a revolutionary change, in France and Britain, and predict that the International will insist on the revision of the Treaty. That may be the one sane hope, but no one who has watched English opinion this week will be disposed to expect much in the way of action at an early date from our Labor Party. In any event, could a League of Nations, tied by its present Constitution, ever force Poland to disgorge her unjustifiable acquisitions?

I cannot myself believe that this faint hope, fed with a few perfunctory resolutions from London and Paris, will have life enough in it to induce the German worker to desert the leadership of the Extremists. The two real forces in Germany to-day are the new volunteer army on the one hand, and the revolutionary workers on the other — the machine gun and the strike. This new Pretorian Guard, raised by Noske to crush Spartacus, numbers about 450,000 men. A large proportion even in the ranks are ex-officers, and the inducement to join it is chiefly abundant food, good clothes, and high pay. The 'Free Corps' are not a united family, and a more or less open feud exists between two groups of them in Berlin. The signature of the Treaty will require the disbandment of three fourths of this new force, and the whole of the relics of the old army (about 3,000,000 men). The immediate future might depend on the accident whether a civilian ministry chooses the Corps which are to survive, or whether an enterprising Corps chooses the ministry. A powerful caste is about to be ruined, and in any event the disbanded men and officers will be potentially revolutionary material. That Germany in its present condition can be policed by an army, however efficient, which numbers only 100,000 men, seems to me improbable. If Noske or a successor attempts to do with 100,000 men what he has done, none too easily, with 700,000, he will assuredly fail. On the other hand, the adoption of a conciliatory social policy would probably come too late. The popular expedient is to attempt a compromise with the Soviet system, on something like English Guild Socialist lines — a two-chamber Parliament, one House on the present territorial plan, and the other on a basis of industrial representation. That would be at the best an unstable compromise, and the Left Socialist Wing would go on fighting for 'the real thing,' the Dictatorship of the proletariat. The Treaty is triple nonsense. It expects Germany to earn vast sums, and to earn them without the right and facility to trade abroad. It expects some government to impose this servitude on the German workers, yet denies to that government the army which alone might hold them down in outward obedience. It robs 15,000,000 Germans of subsistence. and omits to provide them with a field for emigration.

I am inclined to risk a prediction of the consequences of enforcing this Treaty. They will not be interesting or eventful. For months to come Germany may be forgotten. She lacks the energy or the unity to act, though spasmodic essays at positive action may be attempted. The chief consequences will be negative. The workers will not work, or in so far as they work, it will be fitfully, half-heartedly, like angry, weary, and helpless men. So far from resenting this attitude,

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the middle-class employees will largely share it. Already the lines of class-cleavage between the hand worker and miserably sweated brain worker have almost disappeared. This 'ca' canny' mood will affect the employers no less than the men. The natural tendency to repair machinery and restart trade will be checked at every turn by the knowledge that between the burden of internal taxation amounting to half the national income, and the load of the foreign tribute, all chance of appreciable profits has disappeared. Banks will refuse credit. for until the first two years are over, no one will know what Germany's liabilities really are, nor until she is admitted to the League will her chances of trade be worth estimating. The ruin will go on unchecked, and the irresistible conviction will grow that the only chance of restarting life lies in repudiating debts, or in socializing without compensation. The Entente, in short, by this Treaty, is reducing Germany to a despair as deep as Russia's. In the long run, the only possible field for German energy is Russia, and whether Lenine rules or Kolchak, no force can ultimately keep the German population from carrying its skill and science to the mental desert of the East. In the end, the two peoples whom the West has wronged will seek their *revanche* together. But for a vivid, angry, resourceful, positive movement of protest and resistance, one need not look to-morrow. That in the end would be better for the world, for courage may do much to glorify ruin. Lethargy, despair, decay, the decline of an elaborate civilization, the slow lapse into disrepair of a great machine, that will be the immediate consequence of this Treaty that murders hope.

The Nation, May 24

LITTLE GRAY WATER

LITTLE Gray Water, my heart is with you
In the loop of the hills where the lone heron feeds,
Where your cloak is a cloud with a lining of blue,
And your lover a wind riding over the reeds.

Little Gray Water, I know that you know
What the teal and the black duck are dreaming at noon,
And the way of the wistful wild geese as they go
Through the haze of the hills to keep tryst with the moon.

Little Gray Water, folk say and they say
That the homing hill-shepherd, benighted, has heard
A song in the reeds, 'twixt the dawn and the day,
That was never the song of a breeze or a bird.

But I know you so silent, so silent and still,
And so proud of your trust that you'll never betray
What the fairies that gather from Grundiston Hill
Tell the stars before morning to witch them away.

W. H. O.

Punch

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LETTERS FROM AMERICA

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

'Niagara.

'ALL the way, I had remembered the ales of the roar of the water, and how : can be heard for miles, but what I eard was only the train, and even vhen I stood in Niagara, within 500 ards of the American fall, I hardly ieard it; what I heard was the rapids :bove the fall, which are picturesque nd beautiful, in spite of the ice, yet ›erhaps nothing out of the way in the nagnificent sense. They are a rush ind a wild crying of rather clear green-sh water much broken by falling and ›y rocks and by the big Goat Island n the middle of the falls.

'I wandered down the stream and quite soon saw the edge, with the water going over the edge, and nothing beyond the edge except the Canadian shore 400 yards away. Just at the edge the water greened and went very fast, so I hurried up, right to the rail by the brink, and as I came within ten yards (going in the direction of the stream) I heard the fall's big voice, and then, when I looked over the edge, it was really terrific.

'It is all heaped and built up below with mounds and skulls of gigantic ice, with icicle teeth in their jaws. These mounds come up halfway the height of the falls, and the water goes down into a chasm among them, and ten yards down from the edge it ceases to look like water, but is like teased wool and terror and God knows what; and out of the chasm comes a smoke of water, infinitely strange and like the ghost of water, and this rises and flies about, overhead and everywhere, and fills the air with drops, and falls on the trees and freezes three inches thick.

'I crossed over to Canada, and wandered on till I could see the Horseshoe. I suppose the gorge is some 200 feet deep or more, and this vast bulk of water topples into it and comes up again in a mist much higher than the fall, and floats around everywhere, not like mist so much as escaping steam, and in among it are great noble sea-eagles, drowsing and drifting and cruising, and underneath is a vast, glacier bulk of ice, with rifts of bedeviled water, and a whirlpool going round and round, churning up ice and trees and chunks of things which might be bodies and slowly freezing, so that the ice near it has big irregular curves in it, where the rings of the whirlpool have frozen.

'The fall itself is not easy to describe. It is rather clear, greenish water, and it is quite quiet, not very deep just before the fall, and it rises and goes over the lip almost like metal, and then seems to see what it is doing, and seems to try to get back, and ceases to be water, or anything like water, or anything on earth, but something rather white and devilish and astonished, and one could watch it all day forever, not with awe, perhaps, but with a kind of kinship with it.

'The air is so mist-soaked that everything near, roads, gorge, and rails, is caked and heaped with hard white ice, and this will sometimes stay till July, they tell me, in its bigger heaps. The noise of the falls is not so terrific, nothing terrible, but is — like all big water — like trains going by. Sometimes, they say, when the ice is breaking up and going over in bergs, many tons in weight, the noise is too awful, but not now.

'I drove to the rapids below the falls. The river below the falls runs in a narrow gorge only 300 feet across, and I suppose the same in height, and you go down the gorge in a cliff railway like the one at Clifton, and if the

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wire should snap you would go into the rapids and be dead in five seconds; and then you come out right at the water on a wooden platform with a rail, some 200 yards along the rapids, a sort of little walk; and whatever the falls may be in dignity and majesty, the rapids are in savagery and hellish force. I never saw such water, and how any mortal man could ever have thought to swim it and come out alive I cannot conceive. It is not water changed to something else, as at the falls, but it is water that has become a devil. Before it goes down the fall, it is like the star of the morning, like Lucifer, so pure and green and bright, and at the rapids it is really reëmerging after the fall, the very devil of hell. It comes along with a sort of blind sweeping romp, and then as it sweeps, a great big belly of a wave will rise up from underneath, right in its path, and the first wave will go over it just as if they were playing leap-frog and then they both shout "Hooray, hooray!" and go on with the romp together in the biggest game of all hell.

'What makes it specially fearful is the dead wan color and the thick slush of ice on the top, which makes it almost semi-solid, and to see a semi-solid acting like this makes you marvel. Sometimes you see a big heap of water thrust its snout out of the rush and swim back and bite some big wave coming at it and burst it all to bits, and then it jumps aloft and laughs and smashes itself on a rock with a kind of devilish glee, as one who says, "Well, I killed my enemy, anyway, first."

'I could have watched the place for hours and days and months. Captain Webb tried to swim it. I cannot think why he was allowed to try. A wave just picked him up and squeezed him against another wave and killed him dead, as he must have seen would happen. No human being could live in such water. It has force enough t light the world and grind the world bread beside.

. . . . . .

'Chicago, in the winter, is about a black as it is painted, that is, about a black as Manchester, perhaps a shad blacker, since they use a softer coal but the people are so kind that on thinks of it as black but comely. spoke this afternoon, and when I ha done a woman got up in the hall an cried out that she wished to put it t the vote, "Had not America quit forgotten our old quarrels?" an everybody got up and cried out tha they had, long ago. This was a kin thing to have done, it was a gentl thing.

. . . . . .

'In every room in every hotel in this country there is a modernized Bibl which I generally read a little of. Just now I am reading the story of David, which is not a bad tale, and full of color, but, my God! what a savage desert tribe and way of life and (as the lady said of Mrs. Campbell as Cleopatra), "How unlike the quiet home life of our own beloved sovereign." It is a good saga though, and I think if I can convey to L—— exactly what Jehovah meant to that bloody old ecstatic Samuel, it will make a good tale when "King Arthur" comes to an end. They say that in California there are still many giant sequoias (the big red-wood trees) which were growing in the time of David, and were fine trees at the time of Christ, and were really worth looking at at the time of Shakespeare, and are world famous to-day, and are still not at their best. I lay awake last night thinking of it with a kind of awe, of that enormous blind calm power and will to live. I think I'll go to see those trees if I can, but no any other wonders — I won't go to se wonders which you can't see.

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'Los Angeles.

'The 7th was a day of adventure, or I was asked to a big camp to speak at a mess. So I went and spoke at the camp, which is one of the biggest aviation camps in the world. Last July it was a vast flat plain, covered with scrub, which they call mezquite and chaparral. (Mezquite looks like leafless apple trees which have been buried, so as to hide the trunk. Chaparral is a sort of ever-greenish, ever-brownish thorny shrub like berberis, only short.) Now it is an immense and splendid city, humming with life and machines, with great roads and theatres and irrigations, and a vast populace of mechanics. And there I met an airman, who would take no denial, but that I should come up with him, as it was a good day for flying.

'So I put on a leather coat and leather cap and goggles and I saw my machine on the ground (a very trim and rakish little thing, one of the fastest "ships" in the world), and I said what Cæsar said to the boatman under my breath. Then I climbed into my seat and was strapped in, and was told not to monkey with the machinery, which was quite the last thing I ever thought of doing. Then they turned her round, head to wind, and my driver got in, and after some preliminaries they touched her off.

'For the first hundred yards or so, it was just like being in a motor car, but as we ran along the ground the thing became alive, like a very eager, wonderful, trembling horse that was on her mettle and was going at a big leap, and I felt all her excitement, and wanted to pat her on her neck and give her a lump of sugar, and her cylinders became louder and louder, and her rush more wonderful, and then suddenly we were off the ground and slowly rising, and no longer conscious of motion, except that there was a roaring gale in one's face, and a great roar from the propeller. Then, looking down, I saw the ground like a vast chess-board, and people like dots, and then we began to tilt in great circles as we climbed, and that was a deep emotion, but still I was far less conscious of flying than I have been at sea in a sailing ship when working aloft. Then, presently, a lot of smoke began to drift slantingly down upon us, and I thought, "Is this smoke from the engine?" It was a thin smell-less, faint white smoke, and soon I realized that it was not smoke at all, but cloud. Soon we were in the cloud, out of sight of light or land, except in rifts and gleams, and then presently we were in a new world.

'We got above the cloud, which was a high-flying fine-weather "cumulo-stratus," and looked down upon it. And, from above, it looked as though a land of vast sand-dunes, such as Trebetherick, had been covered with deep snow, and now lay white and dim and wonderful, like a land in a dream, with the sun shining on it; and then in rifts and patches there was the world, infinitely far below us, and looking just like aeroplane photographs of it. But what was most wonderful was to see another aeroplane far, far below, like a kestrel, just over the cloud, and her shadow under her on the cloud. You may remember that Hauptmann lyric about the hawk:

> 'Far under me my shadow—
> My shadow drifts with me.

'My man stopped the engines, and we floated there in utter silence but for the wind, and in a stillness and steadiness so strange that we could not tell that we were moving; so then we talked for half a minute, and then he touched her off again, and we went for a cruise.

'Coming down was so gradual that it did not rouse much emotion, and the

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actual landing, which I had expected to be a bump, was not really more than a car would make in crossing a rut in a road; but when one got out, one felt a little odd. I suppose going up 7,000 feet in a few minutes, and then coming down again almost to sea level, puts one through a strain. Anyhow, the queerness only lasted about thirty seconds, and the main impression left was one of great interest and beauty and unreality, not exactly of pleasant interest, nor of human beauty, but it was a new thing, and I was glad to have done it — though I felt that it belonged to this generation, and not to mine. I would not care to do it professionally.

. . . . . .

'To go on with my diary from the time of my fly in the aeroplane:

'I spoke at the mess, and went round the camp and saw aeroplanes being made and repainted and smeared with ointment, and generally groomed and trimmed. They are most lovely things, very like big model ships, and all full of exquisite joinery and splicery and neat piano wire. I could have spent hours over them. But time forbade, so I up and away and got on board my sleeper and to bed, and before dawn we were bound away to the West. At dawn I peeped out and saw the great plain of Texas, covered with mezquite and chaparral, getting a little color on it; and then presently we were near the Rio Grande, which is as big as the Thames near Cholsey, only a blue-green cream color, and runs in a savage bed of rock and sand, and is fringed by savage mezquite and savage reeds. All day we ran along Texas, and the country did n't vary much. It was a vast plain, with hills in the distance, and very hot, a blinding sun and a good deal of dust, but an expanse so great that it gave one the sense of freedom.

'It was very waterless away from the river, and one saw dead cattle and horses here and there, killed probably by the drought, and over their corpses the great buzzards or vulture hawks were cruising. We climbed slowly all the day, and in the night it fell cold, for we were 4,000 feet up, and at dawn I peeped out and saw the sun coming up over some crags which shut in as it were an incredibly vast flat floor of plain, an immense flat arena, round which, 100 miles away, was the ring of crags, of a bright blue color, in the intense air.

'I got out and dressed and went on to the train platform, for I knew that we were in the Apache country, and I wanted to see it. About fifty years ago there was an Apache chief called Cochise, who ruled that land, and held it for the Apaches against the white man. And though he was a grim and cruel savage, who killed 108 men with his own hands during his life, my heart went out to him. You know how mountains give a lift to the heart, and how you would die for a mountain, even a little one, like Lollingdon, when you would n't for any amount of statesmen. Well, there were these mountains that this man had. They were as savage rock crags as any in Ireland, and under them were miles of desert, growing scrub, and cactus, and mesquite, as far as the eye could see; and these rocks and that sand were all that this man had, and while he had breath he fought for them against all the odds in the world. Further on, we passed a great island of crags in the midst of the plain. They were all gnarled knops and boulders and spikes and jags and splits of rock, and in the heart of that vast island, which I dare say was five miles long by one mile high, by four miles broad, was a cañon, with a secret cave in it, where Cochise died. They told me that on one of the mountains

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o the north there is a great crag with Cochise's face stamped upon it. I could not be sure that I saw this crag, but many of the crags there had the look of an Indian face, staring up at the sky, and one was strangely like, very fierce and grim, and yet calm.

Reveille

THE KHYBER PASS

BY ARTHUR W. HOWLETT

THE Khyber Pass is one of the historic spots of the world, one of those unhappy places which, like Belgium, have had too much history. From the beginning of man's era upon earth it has been the main avenue of inrush upon India; it has seen so much of slaughter that the very stones which speckle its arid hillsides might be the bones of dead men. There are many men to whom India has meant just the Khyber, and Khyber and all its puzzling perplexities, and there are men, servants of the Empire, living hard and perilous lives, to whom it is so even yet.

One of the problems of India has been to find a 'scientific' frontier — that is to say, a frontier consistent with all the complexities of strategy, ethnography, and polity. In part it has solved itself along natural lines; in part it has evolved itself along the lines of a definite policy. It is best, perhaps, that it should always retain some degree of elasticity, for, naturally, the demands made upon it vary very considerably. Akbar the Great was no more free from it than is the British Raj of to-day, and it cost him twenty years of his bloodiest fighting before he could reduce it to a semblance of order. When one speaks of the Indian frontier one has to understand that it is not everywhere a clearly defined line. There is a boundary where British territory begins or ends, but beyond that it is not immediately Afghanistan. There intervenes a belt of neutral territory inhabited by wild tribes who own absolute allegiance neither to the Ameer nor to Great Britain. Having been subsidized by the latter now for many years these tribesmen have learned on which side their bread is buttered, and are to all intents our allies; also, from their ranks we have drawn recruits to filter into some of the finest Indian regiments, where their martial proclivities can find an outlet. Others are converted into 'levies,' receiving a monthly allowance and a gift of arms and ammunition. These still dwell in their own country but undertake to keep open the roads, protect telegraphs, arrest marauders, and, what is perhaps most to the point, refrain from marauding themselves. This neutral belt may be as much as one hundred miles broad. In other parts, as in the south, the boundaries are clearly demarcated by lines of stones; but this is desert, uninhabited country where there is no call to go raiding for anyone.

It will be seen, then, that when the Afghan leaves his own territory he is not necessarily at once invading British territory, though he may be said to be encroaching on our preserves. It is difficult to carry the lines of the so-called 'frontier' in the head, for a few casual glances at the map leave one with a vague idea of a confused jumble of mountains. And if it is so in the map it is no less so to the traveler. I have touched at many different parts of the 'frontier,' but have always had a confused notion of my exact topography. One can, however, reduce the tangle to fairly simple elements by disarticulating the less salient details. The great River Indus hereabouts runs almost due north and south, and the Kabul River, coming from the west out of

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Afghanistan, cuts into it at right angles. The latter runs close to and in line with the Khyber Pass itself, and Peshawar stands hard by it. Then, the huge masses of the Hindu Koosh turn abruptly south, leaving a sort of reëntrant angle on a projecting tongue of low ground whose tip is in the Khyber Pass itself. Thereafter they run down due south as far as the seaboard, assuming the name of the Suleiman range and hedging in India completely on the west. The Indus River runs all the way right at their feet to the India side of them, so that the whole forms a vast natural fortification of a wall and ditch. When an invader has forced the passes he has still had to make good the passage of the broad Indus stream, and its banks have witnessed not a few desperate battles accordingly. Thus presented, the line of the frontier is simple, but it has to be remembered that about its confrontation with Afghanistan it runs into many recessions, and its outline is like that of a broken coast. Moreover, the area is vast and the country itself a chaotic mass of mountains and hills.

Such a country was difficult to subdue or to hold in the old days, entailing a great multiplication of troops to keep watch in the numerous valleys. With aeroplanes and wireless the task of intelligence work will be much simplified, and mechanical transport will facilitate the movements of troops even over these trackless wastes.

Peshawar itself, standing some few miles from the entrance to the Khyber, is a beautiful and striking city. I came to it first one mid-November, when the days were hot and sunny, with the enticing warmth of the winter day-time, and the nights were foggy and chill. The cantonment, with its long, smooth roads, bordered, and almost overarched by magnificent trees, its stretches of greensward, and its gardens retreating back to the white and blue walls of the bungalows, putting one in mind of Kew, is a sort of garden city of the Tropics where the feast to the eye alone was a pure delight. And, as ever in these Indian places, there was the vociferation of bird and insect voices everywhere and the subtle flash and glint of wings in and out the shrubberies. By nightfall the air grew heavy with perfumes of the roses which bloomed in profusion everywhere, and mingled with it there came from the native city and from the servants' quarters behind the bungalows the pungent odors of native tobacco and wood fires. The stars glittered keenly above the fog, for it was but a ground mist, and their spangled masses were broken by the triangles of blackness which showed where the mountains walled in the dark, mysterious Khyber. Presently there came tapping, an old man with a stick, and I saw it was the *chokedar*. Then I saw that, unlike other parts of India, the stick he held in his hand was a spear, and I remembered that here in this city the night was apt to run wild suddenly with heavy terrors. It is no unusual matter for the outlying parts of the city to be raided of a night. The silence is suddenly broken by shots and shouts, there is the red glare of a few burning huts, and next morning a much-gashed corpse or two in the city hospital.

I was young and inexperienced in those days, and an amusing incident befell me. I had hired a bicycle from the bazaar, and was proposing to myself to go out for a ride to see the famous pass. By good luck the hotel manager came out, and I airily mentioned my design. The good man looked very much astonished, as well he might, and, having explained the unpleasant habits of some of the gentry

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might expect to meet on the road, had no difficulty in dissuading me from my plan. They open the Khyber twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, and on these days the friendly tribesmen arrange to picket the heights. An escort travels up and takes with it any caravan which may be proceeding to Afghanistan. It also takes over at the other end of the pass any that may be coming down. The only times that travelers bent on sight-seeing can satisfy themselves are on these occasions. Ordinarily the road is sacrosanct, and it is a recognized thing that no one may be shot upon it, not even if he be a man whose great-uncle killed your aunt's second cousin, and who by the polite usages of frontier society must, therefore, be hunted down by you until the vendetta is satisfied. But there are always *budmashes* who do not respect these established traditions, and in the local cemetery you can find more than one grave occupied by poor English 'Tommies' who have strayed a little beyond the ordinary boundaries and been found later hacked to ribbons.

From the Afridi dwellings off the road deep trenches lead on to the road itself, so that the inhabitants can reach this sanctuary without exposing themselves to the shots of their neighbors. Life need never be dull for most of them, since they are always either waiting to shoot or be shot at.

Beyond the boundaries of the cantonment the smiling fertility of green lawns and clambering roses abruptly ceases, and one comes on all the stark aridity of the frontier land. The road runs through it all straight to Jamrud, at the door of the pass, but either side is waste country, brown and dusty, shimmering with the sun, broken up by dry nullahs and empty water channels, with only a tower dwelling here and there, standing like a lighthouse at sea. Naturally, cultivation does not flourish, as it is impossible to live comfortably with your neighbor taking pot shots at you from his window. From this wild region you can ride back again, and in ten minutes pass the great green in front of the club where Englishmen in white flannels are playing cricket and tennis or thundering up and down on their polo ponies, while English women in cool frocks sit in the verandas watching them and drinking tea.

The Manchester Guardian

MR. BARRIE INTRODUCES A CHILD'S NOVEL*

THE 'owner of the copyright,' Sir James Barrie tells us, guarantees that this delightful novel is the unaided effort of a nine-year-old authoress. She is grown up now, we gather, and that bit of information helps to mitigate, though it does not altogether dispel, the reviewer's feeling that his merriment over the quaint characters and queer episodes of *The Young Visiters* is something to be ashamed of. To laugh at a child's story is almost as bad as laughing at the child herself; and he, the reviewer, who has secretly read stories written by his own little daughter, cannot think it makes much difference if, owing to the horrid business of growing up, the child that wrote it has mysteriously vanished behind the blue hills of Time. It is laughing at childhood anyhow — at the sacred simplicity, like dew on morning flowers, and the fresh wonderment of young things that are in, but not of, our cold and calculating world of self-seeking affairs.

Here is the opening passage of this little book — a passage in which two of the protagonists are introduced:

* *The Young Visiters, or Mr. Salteena's Plan.* By Daisy Ashford. With a Preface by J. M. Barrie. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6*d* net.

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Mr. Salteena was an elderly man of 42 and was fond of asking peaple to stay with him. He had quite a young girl staying with him of 17 named Ethel Monticue. Mr. Salteena had dark short hair and mustache and wiskers which were very black and twisty. He was middle-sized and he had very pale blue eyes. He had a pale brown suit but on Sundays he had a black one and he had a topper every day as he thorght it more becoming. Ethel Monticue had fair hair done on the top and blue eyes. She had a blue velvit frock which had grown rarther short in the sleeves. She had a black straw hat and kid gloves.

One morning Mr. Salteena came down to brekfast and found Ethel had come down first which was strange. Is the tea made Ethel he said rubbing his hands. Yes said Ethel and such a quear shaped parcel has come for you.

The parcel, which contained another top-hat, was from Bernard Clark; it was accompanied by a letter inviting Mr. Salteena to 'come for a stop' with the writer, and to 'bring one of your young ladies, whichever is the prettiest in the face.' So Mr. Salteena decided to take Ethel, and after skipping upstairs to the housemaid's room to say good-bye to her, and 'silently put 2*s*. 6*d*. on the dirty toilet-cover,' they are off and away. Bernard welcomes them warmly, and at dinner it is clear that he is falling in love with Ethel:

Well said Mr. Salteena lapping up his turtle soup you have a very sumpshous house Bernard.

His friend gave a weary smile and swollowed a few drops of sherry wine. It is fairly decent he replied with a bashful glance at Ethel after our repast I will show you over the premisis.

Many thanks said Mr. Salteena getting rarther flustered with his forks.

You ourght to give a ball remarked Ethel you have such large compartments.

Yes there is room enough sighed Bernard we might try a few steps and meanwhile I might get to know a few peaple.

So you might responded Ethel giving him a speaking look.

Mr. Salteena was growing a little peevish but he cheered up when the Port wine came on the table and the butler put round some costly finger bowls. He did not have any in his own house and he followed Bernard Clarks advice as to what to do with them.

After dinner they look at the portraits of Bernard's 'ancesters' (including that of Ambrose Fudge, 'a man with a fat smiley face and a red ribbon round him and a lot of medals'), and the evening ends with prayers, including 'a Decad of the Rosary.' Next morning a plan is arranged for completing Mr. Salteena's education. He is to go to the Crystal Palace, where 'several people, Earls, and even Dukes, have privite compartments,' and get Bernard's friend, the Earl of Clincham, to take him to Court — the Earl's fee for the process of social education is £42, surely a reasonable sum. Mr. Salteena's departure is exhilarating.

Just then there was a great clatter outside and the sound of hoofs and a loud neigh. The baroushe I take it said Bernard rising slowly.

Quite correct sir said Minnit flinging wide the portles.

Well goodbye Alf old man said Bernard Clark good luck and God bless you he added in a pius tone.

Not at all said Mr. Salteena I have enjoyed my stop which has been short and sweet well goodbye Ethel my child he said as bag in hand he proceeded to the door Francis Minnit bowed low and handed a small parcel to Mr. Salteena a few sandwighs for the jorney sir he remarked.

Oh this is most kind said Mr. Salteena.

Minnit closed his eyes with a tired smile. Not kind sir he muttered quite usual.

Oh really said Mr. Salteena felling rarther flabergasted well goodbye my good fellow and he slipped 2/6 into the butlers open palm.

Later on Bernard and Ethel go to town together and stay at the 'Gaiety Hotel.' It is hard to say which is the more thrilling — Mr. Salteena's experiences of 'High Life' (in the chapter so-called) or the young couple love-making, which ends in a proposal.

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Every line of these joyous narratives is worthy of quotation. Mr. Salteena is taken to Court, wearing his evening dress trousers (as he has not any Court knickerbockers) and the Earl of Clincham's second-best cocked-hat. Mr. Salteena, fortunately, makes a favorable impression on the Prince of Wales, and his friend seizes the psychological moment to point out that he fancies Court life as a professhon':

Oh dose he said the prince blinking his eyes well I might see.

I suggested if there was a vacency going he might try cantering after the royal carouche said the earl.

So he might said the prince I will speak to the prime Minister about it and let you know.

Ten thousand thanks cried Mr. Salteena bowing low.

Well now I must get along back to the levie announced the prince putting on his crown I have booked a valse with the Arch duchess of Greenwich and this is her favorite tune. So saying they issued back to the big room where the nobility were whirling gaily and the more searious peaple such as the prime minister and the admirals etc were eating ices and talking passionately about the laws in a low undertone.

Bernard's experiences with Ethel are most exciting, and the proposal scene is a veritable gem of romantic literature. They are eventually married in Westminster Abbey. Here is a list of the wedding presents:

Bernard gave Ethel a very huge tara made of rubies and diamonds also two rich braclets and Ethel gave him a bran new trunk of shiny green leather. The earl of Clincham sent a charming gift of some hem stitched sheets edged with real lace and a photo of himself in a striking attitude. Mr. Salteena sent Ethel a bible with a few pious words of advice and regret and he sent Bernard a very handy little camp stool. Ethels parents were too poor to come so far but her Mother sent her a gold watch which did not go but had been some years in the family and her father provided a cheque for £2 and promised to send her a darling little baby calf when ready.

Mr. Salteena obtained the 'job his soul craved' . . . 'any day he may be seen in Hyde Park or Pickadilly, galloping madly after the Royal carriage in a smart suit of green velvit with knickerbockers compleat,' and subsequently married one of the maids in waiting, 'by name Bessie Topp.' It is a precious book.

The Morning Post

ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN WAR TIME

BY ERNEST A. BAKER

Most of those who are solicitous about the English language take up an entirely conservative attitude. Mere purists, zealous only for correctness, they complain that the war has mangled and distorted English, as the German guns mangled Northeast France, and are afraid that it may never be restored to its old state of health and comeliness. Any sort of change is abhorrent to this type of critic, who enters a conscientious protest against every neologism, and regards the slang which is a natural phenomenon of war as a loathsome epidemic calling for wholesale disinfection. But this is to treat English as a dead language, and the glory of English is that it has always been so magnificently alive. The French, with their instinct for order, submitted for two centuries to the authority of their *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, which still exercises a steadying influence, though literary French escaped the fate of classical Latin by easing the yoke when it began to gall. English efforts to standardize the language — Johnson's Dictionary, for instance — had no such lasting effects. To coerce English is to coerce Englishmen. Our language clings more tenaciously than French to the pristine elements of the vernacular; yet it is far more responsive

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to the demands of life and the glamour of adventure. Faithful to the past, it revels in the present, yet seems to be always beckoning to the future. Is it perchance this living quality of English that makes so much of our prose essentially poetical?

The growth of the English language during the nineteenth century, after the close time marked by Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, was more rapid than at any period before. That growth was due in the main to the progress of science and invention. Further, a motley host of words came in from all the vernaculars of the British Empire, and the preference of the language for picturesque variety rather than a classical uniform was shown by the steady uprush of racy, homely, or merely different words from our own dialects. If it be asked what was the special characteristic of the later phase of its growth before the war, the answer would surely be the recognition of slang. Now slang is itself a sign of health and vigor. Often, it is true, a slang expression is used as a lazy substitute for the exact term. But so is the Latin polysyllable; and the making of a short and expressive slang phrase shows more mental alertness than the splicing of '—ational' or '—ismatic' to some overworked Latin or Greek derivative. In the life of individual words the triumph of slang may seem ephemeral. Natural selection works with extreme dispatch in its dealings with slang; the death-rate almost catches up the births. But the words that do outlive the deadly period of infancy thereby evince a rich survival value, and take their place among the lustiest members of the vocabulary. Amid the tremendous discharge of all forms of vital energy called out by a war of such colossal magnitude, the life of the language receives a corresponding stimulus.

War, we know, is the mother of invention. This is the province in which a large output of new words will be looked for with certainty. During the war almost every branch of industry has contributed to the military effort; but the majority of the new technical words, or the words that have made their way from technical terminology into the common language, relate, as would be expected, to the three arms, the land, the sea, and the air services. Names of explosives have usually been fabricated by the straightforward method of combining the names or parts of names of bases, as in 'amatol' or 'ammonal,' sometimes with the orthodox prefix or suffix, as in 'trinitrotoluene,' which the munitioneer shortened to T.N.T. and the expert called 'trotyl.' Such names as 'ballistite,' 'trional,' and 'filite' reveal their etymology at a glance.

The War Office has not supplied many brand-new words, but it has given the lexicographer plenty to do in illustrating new uses of old ones. Its chief exploit was to make the word 'tank' historical. This was used in official correspondence as a covering word for the engines of war destined to have such epoch-making results, but word and thing proved to be inseparable. On the other hand, the War Office can hardly be congratulated on two verbs applied to the transport of troops by motor-vehicles, 'debus' and 'embus.' As in the past, the larger proportion of our military terms have been borrowed from the French, the most military nation in Europe. 'Barrage' has been reimported with a new meaning, and often with a new pronunciation. 'Fougasse,' 'boyau,' 'camion,' 'banquette' (firing-step), 'liaison-officer,' are novelties. But these have not had the popular success of 'camouflage,' a word that in its substantive, verbal, and metaphorical phases has

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met with more wear and tear in a few months than many receive in a century. We adopted the 'soixante-quinzes' as the 'seventy-fives,' a name that has become historical next only to 'tank.' Nor must translated phrases like 'mass of manœuvre' be overlooked, which quickly passed through the hands of the expounder of strategy into the daily paper.

Both the military and the naval word-makers, however, have fortunately made ample use of native resources. 'Depth-charge,' 'fire-control,' 'mine-field,' 'mine-sweeper,' 'star-shell,' 'smoke-helmet,' and even 'liquid fire' and 'poison gas,' if not entirely Anglo-Saxon, are offspring of the same ancient instinct that gave us 'war-gear,' 'mead-bench,' and 'heath-stepper.' For a well-known method of range-finding the army has the term 'bracketing' and the navy the term 'straddling.'

The compound term makes excellent material for slang, and is freely employed in finding a language for new industries — aerial navigation, for instance. 'Airbase,' 'aircraft,' 'air-man,' 'air-mechanic,' 'air-pocket,' 'air-raid,' 'air-scout,' 'airship,' and 'anti-aircraft' are now everyday terms. There has been a persevering effort to get 'airplane' adopted, but it seems to have been given up as a bad job. When the thing itself was new and strange, the more erudite 'aeroplane' fitted appropriately. A home-made term does not make the right appeal for an invention verging on the marvelous, and when the invention has become familiar, christening time has gone by. 'Far-writing' or 'distance-writing' would have stood no chance in the early days of telegraphy, though 'wireless' now comes quite natural, as an adjective, a noun, or a verb. 'Aerogram' has been accepted from the French, from which have also come 'fuselage' and 'ballonet.' 'Taube,' 'Fokker,' and 'Gotha,' names of well-known German warplanes, can hardly be said to be naturalized. What may be called air-lingo comprises such verbs as 'bank' and 'zoom,' the latter obviously onomatopœic, together with such terms of affection as 'the old bus,' and unmitigated slang, like 'hickboo' for an air-raid, 'to huff' for 'to kill,' and the humorous 'Archie' for a member of the anti-aircraft force. This 'caught on' from the refrain of a popular song, 'Archibald, certainly not!' referring ironically to the extreme rarity of the authenticated hits. Typical of the technical terms that have become widely current may be noted 'radio' from 'radiotelegram,' a wireless message; 'duralium,' which seems to have ousted the pre-war 'duralumin'; 'tractor-plough' and 'tractor-plane'; and the medical words 'ankylose,' 'anti-tetanic,' 'asepsis,' 'coagulen,' and 'Siamese grafting.' 'Bar' and 'millibar' have appeared in the newspapers with the post-war revival of meteorology. 'Hay-box,' a device used in the new cookery, may have been introduced before the war, but certainly is not known to pre-war dictionaries.

The mortal issues of the time fully account for the abundant literature of that borderland subject, psychic science. Curative treatment based on Freudian theories has also found its opportunities among those afflicted with loss of memory and other nervous disorders due to the accidents of war. Let us cull a few of the terms that may perhaps survive the precarious period of novelty. 'Auto-suggestion' we already knew; but we know it better now from the mere fact that it has a rival in 'psycho-analysis.' 'Cryptoid,' 'hypnoid,' 'mediumistic,' 'to motorize,' 'motricity,' 'telepsychy,' 'cryptopsychy,' and 'parapsychical'

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may secure a permanent footing, or may prove to be merely hasty technical makeshifts.

One Freudian term has already made its way into the more refined sort of slang. A 'mental complex' in the language of the alienist described a group of obsessions which is commonly a first symptom of insanity. Roughly, it corresponds to the old phrase 'a fixed idea.' Without the adjective, 'a complex' is now a polite euphemism for a bee in one's bonnet, and hints at the general view that most of us are more or less insane.

The Athenæum

THE OVERTHROW OF GERMAN MILITARY PRESTIGE

BY LEON DAUDET

NEXT to the return of Alsace-Lorraine to the mother country, the principal advantage which we have so far drawn from the victory is the overthrow of German military prestige. The fact is patent and undeniable; the French General Staff, when unhindered by the intrigues of parliamentary and democratic politics, overcame the German General Staff. The French school of war conquered the German school of war. Our school conquered twice upon the Marne in counter-offensive and once on the defensive at Verdun. Our Staff overcame the Germans at the first battle of the Marne in spite of the very insufficient preparations which had been made for the battle—insufficiency due, not to the army but to the parliamentary régime. Joffre and Foch outplayed Von Kluck, Falkenhayn, Hindenburg, and Ludendorff. French strategy and tactics have been constantly superior to German strategy and tactics. All the heroism in the world, if put to the service of inferior conceptions of the art of war, cannot win success. Without doubt, there were certain faults—they exist in all wars; but these faults were quickly made good, and in the *ensemble*, the military prestige, which has shone about the German General Staff since the days of Moltke and our defeat of '70–'71, has passed squarely over to the French General Staff.

A high officer with whom I talked recently, called my attention to the fact that on two particular occasions, on the 5th and 6th of September, 1914, and on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of July, 1918, the advancing German armies allowed themselves to be surprised by an attack on the right flank. As for Ludendorff's famous system of 'pockets,' the military critic of the *Matin*, Commandant de Civrieux, made at the beginning a masterly study whose conclusions have one and all been verified. Critics of military operations were much ridiculed during the war. Nevertheless, the greater part of their information and their forecasts, which often came to them from the General Staff, were found to be correct. All in all, the French military mind, which bore the principal weight of the war (since the combat was fought upon our territory), outplayed the German military mind. The famous Hindenburg line, which they thought unbreakable, did not hold. It was rather those who declared it unbreakable who were ridiculous.

Up to the 3d of August, 1914, the German machine had a crushing superiority over the French machine. Whatever way one looks at this question, one ever returns to the same point, the German generals made a mess of this campaign, the French generals acted skillfully. Castelnau saved Nancy, Pétain saved Verdun, Foch stopped the Germans on the Yser. In general, as in detail, the German military plan showed itself far inferior

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to the French military plan. The succession of defeats swallowed by German armies from the 18th of July to the 11th of November, 1918, is something unique in the military annals of the world. From the 18th of July on, Ludendorff was not able to gain a single serious advantage. Foch struck in with a succession of hammer blows; one needs the word genius to fit this epochal overthrow of an enemy who had arrived almost at the Capitol.

The Imperial German authorities did not wish to understand all at once the enormous importance of the first French victory on the Marne nor the authentic and true word of the second Moltke, 'Sir, sir, the war is lost.'

Nevertheless, beginning here, the Imperial authorities seem to have lost confidence in the final success. The struggle changed its aspect. While the German armies became stationary in the trenches, German finance put in motion treasonable propaganda in the lands of the Allies. The process of massive and brusque attack having failed, the enemy had recourse to 'internal disruption.' This attack from within, this war behind the war did not neglect our military forces; the enemy understood well enough that no success could be possible until this force had been broken. This treacherous and dangerous campaign did obtain certain definite results; the interruption of the offensive of April, 1917, and the mutinies of May and June, 1917. Had not Clemenceau been there on guard, France would have been in the gravest danger. It is the incomparable glory of Clemenceau to have delivered the French General Staff from the intrigues of politicians who were in a fair way to ruin France, for Painlevé, I insist, and as all the world knows, was but the agent of Caillaux and Caillaux was the agent of the enemy. Let us not forget that it was the prestige of its General Staff and the memory of the military victory of '70–'71 which prepared the way for German economic penetration of France and foreign lands. Finance, industry, commerce, and diplomacy prospered in the shadow of monster cannons and machine guns. They progressed in the confidence that the German nation had, in the superiority of the chiefs of the army, in 'the children of the great Frederick.' How completely they fell down, these 'children of the great Frederick,' even when they had in their hands the material for a swift and striking victory! Their human material held good to the very end in spite of some failures here and there during the three final weeks. That their military glories have faded in the rising sunlight of French military reputation is the fact that bites most cruelly into the pride of the Germans. The nails of the Hindenburg statue are now to be understood ironically, and I await with curiosity the memoirs of Ludendorff.

As for the clause of the Peace Treaty dissolving the German General Staff and all military bodies, it is without value or efficacy as long as German unity continues under the leadership of Prussia. An effect whose cause exists cannot be considered dissolved.

L'Action Française

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THE AMERICAN MILITARY ACHIEVEMENT: A BRITISH VIEW

BY H. WARNER ALLEN

THERE can be little doubt that if the war had lasted another year or eighteen months the American Army would have counted among the first-rate armies of the world. When the war came to an end it was learning hard and fast. It had excellent material, men of magnificent physique and splendid courage, who only needed longer training and that understanding of its value and purpose which can only be obtained in actual warfare. In another year the American officers and N.C.O.'s would have learned the lesson that modern warfare has a resemblance to certain games, since it is only by following definite methods, which are not in themselves obvious, that proficiency can be attained. Perhaps, also, experience would have taught American Staff officers the principles of modern scientific war and enabled them to profit fully by the military knowledge purchased by Great Britain and France at so terrible a cost. Unfortunately, in war as in life, everyone must pay for his own experience at his own cost. *Chacun doit payer son expérience.* It was as difficult for the United States to take advantage of what Great Britain and France had learned in four years of war as for a child to learn wisdom from an old man's counsel.

In September, 1919, the American Army had nearly reached the level attained by our armies in the Somme battle of 1916. There was still a terrible want of cohesion between the infantry and the artillery. I have often heard American infantry officers who had served under British and French command complain that they had received no assistance from their guns in this Argonne-Meuse battle. Their attitude was very much that of the French infantryman toward the gunner before the Somme battle. At the beginning of the war the *fantassin* was inclined to regard the *artilleur* as an enemy, since he so often suffered from French shells. After the first few days of the Somme battle the infantry sent a special message to the artillery expressing its gratitude for the assistance received from the guns.

In former wars military tactics remained stationary; in modern warfare they are in a state of perpetual evolution. As M. Bidou, the brilliant French critic, said in the *Bulletin des Armées de la République*, 'A century ago tactics changed every ten years; in the present war they have changed every six months.' New weapons, new methods of combat, new means of communication are continually being developed, and it is in their scientific application that the test of the modern army lies. In April, 1917, when the United States came into the war, there had been an extraordinary change in tactics since August, 1914. Unfortunately, a new army could not begin learning at the stage which its allies had reached; it had to serve its apprenticeship and begin again at the beginning, making almost the same mistakes as we made. Every nation has a strong natural indisposition to learn from another, and it is only at the price of human

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life that experience in war can be gained.

The Argonne-Meuse battle, which began on September 26, 1918, and ended with the armistice of November 11, is the only large-scale operation engaged in by the United States Army under its own command; it is, in fact, the only operation from which it is possible to form a judgment of the quality of that army and the Staff work of its High Command. The Saint-Mihiel offensive offered no such criterion. The plans of that attack were drawn up, or at any rate revised, by the French General Staff, and French veteran troops took a considerable part in the action. Moreover, the reduction of that salient was a strictly local operation with limited objectives, and the assault was never intended to be carried forward against the entrenchments that the enemy had constructed across the base of the salient at the same time as the Hindenburg positions. In truth, the Germans had no particular object in staying at Saint-Mihiel. By withdrawing they shortened their line at a moment when man-power was their greatest weakness. The value of the salient was mainly offensive, and the time had long passed when Germany could think of undertaking serious offensive operations.

The success at Saint-Mihiel created a certain amount of over-confidence. Those who did not take into account all the circumstances of the affair thought that the reduction of the salient might be ranked with the French victories round Verdun in the autumn and winter of 1916, which were operations conducted in the most scientific manner against an enemy endeavoring to hold his ground at any cost. On this point, however, the American troops, who had fought on the French and British fronts and knew something of modern war, had no illusions. They knew that the liaison between the artillery and the infantry was almost non-existent and that the organization of the army was far from perfect. However, the operation succeeded, and the American military authorities showed an increasing tendency to trust to untrained native talent, both for Staff work and for training, instead of profiting by the experience bought so dearly by the French and British. There were political considerations which made these authorities anxious to announce a purely American victory, and such considerations had at least as much influence on American war policy as they deserved.

The American achievement in the Argonne-Meuse Battle was highly creditable to the courage and pertinacity of the young troops engaged. The attacking forces consisted of twenty-two American divisions (506,652 men) and four French divisions (36,000), While the special artillery and other arms employed brought up the total to 631,405 Americans and 138,000 Frenchmen, or 769,405 men in all. They were opposed by forty-six German divisions.

The effectives of the American infantry employed may be reckoned at about 260,000 men. On September 26, the average German division could, at an outside estimate, put between 2,500 and 3,000 rifles in line. At the time of the armistice the average infantry strength of a division had been reduced to between 1,000 and 2,000 rifles, and this strength was less than half of what it had been in March. A rough estimate of the German infantry employed against the Americans in this battle would give from 120,000 to 130,000 rifles.*

After forty-seven days the American

*According to the estimate of the French Intelligence Department, the strength of the German company was, on March 21, 120 men; on July 15, 70 to 90 men; and on November 1, 50.

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Army, materially aided by the advance in Champagne of the French Army on its left, succeeded in reaching its objectives, clearing the Argonne Forest of the enemy, and cutting the all-important Mézières-Montmédy railway line. In the action the American casualties amounted to 115,529 (including 15,599 killed) and the French casualties to about 7,000, making a total of 122,529; 468 guns and 16,000 prisoners were captured, more than half the number of prisoners being taken in the first two days.

In Marshal Foch's plan the American Army had a very important and difficult part to play. The Argonne-Meuse operations, which must be taken in connection with the French operations in Champagne on the left, had two main objectives: first, the clearing of the Argonne forest; second, the cutting of the Mézières-Montmédy line. The Argonne was a position that could defy a frontal attack, and the plan was for the French to drive forward on the west and the Americans on the east of the forest, until they threatened to envelop it on the north. This objective attained, the two armies were to continue to press forward on either side of the Bois de Bourgogne, the northern continuation of the Argonne, until the enemy was driven across the Meuse and the Mézières-Montmédy line was cut. This line was of vital importance to the enemy, since it was his main *voie de rocade* — that is, his chief line of communication parallel to the front. It was, in fact, his only line of retreat south of the Ardennes, and its interruption implied the collapse of all that part of the German Army on the west which depended on it for its communications. At a point of such strategic importance, the enemy was bound to resist to the utmost, and it was clear that the German High Command would oppose to the American advance every man and gun that it could spare. An American victory would mean the destruction of the main pivot, on which a general retreat to the Meuse must be based.

The Meuse heights between the river and the Argonne consist of a series of woods and rolling hills, which offered natural positions of great strength. The area was strongly fortified, though the positions in the rear of the front lines were unfinished. The Americans had a hard nut to crack, but on their side they had almost unlimited numbers. The Boche was approaching the last stage of exhaustion. There had been a general deterioration of his *moral,* and the German fighting man of September 26 was no longer the splendid soldier who advanced against the British and French on March 21. He had lost faith in his cause, and knew that all his sacrifices had been in vain. War-weary and disheartened, he was endeavoring to stave off defeat at the hands of an enemy numerically superior, whose confidence in victory was absolute.

The whole battle affords a striking illustration of the fallen *moral* of the German Army. There were no counter-attacks on a large scale. It was not that the German Army was disorganized at the beginning of the battle, but the German commanders did not dare to call on their men for one of those desperate efforts which in the past had again and again saved the situation. They were compelled to adopt a purely defensive system of warfare, which was doomed to eventual collapse. Outnumbered as they were, they missed opportunity after opportunity of causing terrible loss to the Americans during the days of chaos which followed the first attack. The German reserves had almost disappeared under Foch's terrific hammering, and at the end of the battle only one fresh German

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division remained on the French front.

The Germans had another handicap. They were very short of artillery ammunition, and were compelled to husband their shells carefully. They could not open that crushing fire upon the captured positions which in the past used to open the way to a counter-attack. They fired heavily on certain zones and at certain moments, but there was none of that continual pounding fire all along the line which in previous battles had made it so costly to consolidate the captured positions. The troops on the American right suffered severely from the German batteries stationed in the woods on the other side of the Meuse. As a whole, however, the German artillery fire was not to be compared with what it had been in the past. The enemy was short of ammunition because the rapid French and British advance had captured millions of shells, and even at the critical point where the Americans were attacking they could not afford to burn more ammunition than was absolutely necessary.

Owing to the German shortage of shells, the percentage of American killed was very low in comparison with the number of wounded — 15,000 out of a total casualty list of 115,000. Moreover, the percentage of wounded who recovered almost immediately from their wounds was very high, some 80 per cent being able to return to the fighting line after a very short spell in hospital. The fact was that most of the wounds were bullet wounds and not due to shell splinters. The enemy had still an abundance of machine-gun ammunition, and it was on his machine guns that he based his whole defense.

The Americans had the advantage of coöperating with a veteran French Army led by one of the most brilliant French commanders, General Gouraud. On September 30, while the Americans were still struggling desperately to straighten out their communications, General Gouraud was already threatening at two kilometres from Challerange the Valley of the Aire, which is the northern boundary of the Argonne forest. It was not till a week later that the Americans came up into line on their side of the forest and forced the enemy to withdraw. From that time forward up to November 1, the French Army was always about six miles ahead of the Americans to the north, and its pressure gave valuable assistance to the troops which were struggling through the Kriemhilde-Stellung.

The American soldier is as brave as any soldier in the world. He has magnificent dash and pertinacity, and the only trouble about him is that he is too brave. Nothing but long training and war experience can teach young troops that it is not everything to go forward blindly, disregarding casualties and obstacles until human nature can do no more. Both French and British had to learn this lesson; only an insignificant portion of the American Army had time to learn it. There was never any lack of courage in this war. What has been lacking is the faculty of using that courage to the best advantage. The best general is the commander who attains his object with the least possible loss of life, and the best soldier is the man who accomplishes the task assigned to him without taking unnecessary chances.

Before September, 1918, a certain number of American officers had been trained as well as it was possible to train them in the time by French and British instructors. A French instructor said of them, 'At least they can speak the military language'; that is to say, they had to a great extent ab-

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sorbed the military point of view and realized the technical side of war. In the American Army, unfortunately, these men were not sent to the General Staff, nor, indeed, to the Army Corps Staffs; the result was that at the head of things the modern conceptions of war were not rightly understood and there was a considerable difficulty in communicating with the more highly trained French Staffs. As for the soldier, he had to make up by courage and weight of numbers for all that he had not had time to learn of scientific fighting. Their position was that of the best Italian troops. I remember, after an action on Monte Tomba, in December, 1917, hearing a French Staff officer remark, 'The Italians are astonishingly brave. They try to do things which we should never dare — nor you British either — to ask our men to do. Our men know too much about modern war and how an attack should really be made.'

There are two things on which a modern victory must depend: the first is the organization behind the lines, and the second is the liaison between the infantry and the artillery. The first is the most important. It is behind the lines that victories are won. In the Argonne battle the Americans learned, to their cost, what imperfect transport means, and for days they were fighting less against the enemy than against the chaos which reigned in their lines of communication. As for liaison between the arms, nothing is more difficult of accomplishment. It was a problem which had to be solved in modern warfare, since in an attack on a fortified position the infantry without its guns and the guns without the infantry could achieve nothing. Every possible means of communication was pressed into service, so that the gunner might always know the position of the advancing infantry and so that the infantry, as it went forward, might keep the gunners informed, not only of its own position, but also of every obstacle to its progress which could only be destroyed by artillery fire.

The American infantry in the Saint-Mihiel battle complained bitterly that they were out of touch with their guns: things were worse in the Argonne. The Americans had the support of some of the finest artillery in the world, as their guns were reinforced by thirty-five regiments of French artillery, but the gunner is helpless when he does not know the position of his infantry. The American Army had a childlike trust in the telephone, which in a great attack is invariably cut by the enemy's fire. Their infantry had not been taught to read a map and no one fully understood the importance of knowing exactly where he was. The American divisions dashed forward bravely and pressed on until they could go no farther. Then they needed a protective barrage, or perhaps the destruction of some German strong point, and found themselves unable to send back word. The telephone had broken down and they had not sufficiently developed all the means of communication which in modern warfare must be used to supplement and often to replace the telephone. The result was that the Divisional Staff had no idea of the position of its regiments, the Corps Staff was in equal doubt as to the whereabouts of its divisions, and the gunners could not fire except at targets far behind the line, for fear of destroying their own men. So little was the meaning of liaison understood that the American censor passed an article, presumably based on transatlantic imagination, that was a frank admission of the confusion reigning in the American lines. It described an heroic, mysterious person, based apparently on Fennimore Cooper, a modern version of

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Hawkeye or Pathfinder, who prowled about through the advanced positions finding out where the American infantry was. The happy-go-lucky system of advance resulted in divisions continually finding themselves 'in the air' and losing touch with one another, leaving perilous gaps in the line.

Thus, in the first attack, the 91st Division pushed forward ahead of the divisions on either side of it, and on September 29 it found itself with both flanks completely exposed and in grave danger of being cut off. It only saved itself by retreating and surrendering ground that had been won at very heavy cost. On October 2 a black regiment which was acting as a liaison unit suddenly fell back in disorder and left the flank of the 77th Division in the air. Seven companies were cut off by the enemy, and managed to hold out in the forest until they were rescued five days later. For several days the Divisional Staffs were entirely in the dark as to the strength of the force that had been cut off, and the most alarming rumors were current. The failure of this negro regiment produced a great impression on the entire army, and it is likely to have a considerable effect on the relations of white and black in the United States. In the successful attack of October 6 on the heights on the eastern side of the Argonne Forest a regiment of the 82d Division failed to get up in time for the attack, and a gap was left in the lines. The result was that the brigade on the left was held up and suffered severely from machine-gun fire, until it sent one of its own battalions to capture the position.

In the earlier battles of the war such mistakes led to terrible consequences, and as it was they cost the Americans heavy losses. If the enemy had been able to counter-attack in force and his artillery had been strong enough to prevent the Americans from discovering their position and consolidating their gains, no numbers would have availed. Indeed, not a small part of the American transport troubles came from the excessive number of troops in line. They attacked with nine divisions, with a total infantry strength of about 100,000 men, on a front of eighteen miles, which was held on the day of the attack by five German divisions with a strength of about 15,000 rifles. Against this terrific onslaught the Boches adopted, as was expected, the defensive method which stood General Gouraud in such good stead when in July he broke the last German offensive in Champagne. As soon as they were sure that an attack was impending they evacuated their front lines, leaving only machine-gun nests to hold up the enemy and to cause him as much loss as possible. The American troops were much astonished at the comparatively feeble resistance with which they met on the first day. However, they bustled ahead as far as they could, and their dash and endurance carried them farther than to all appearances the enemy intended. Thus they succeeded in capturing Montfaucon, which dominates the whole region. For a moment it seemed that a brilliant and decisive victory was within the Americans' grasp. Then, however, the advance slackened and came to a standstill. It was not the opposition of the enemy that checked the Americans. There was no big counter-attack or very heavy artillery fire. The nine divisions in the front line were held fast, in the words of a French Staff officer, 'by a stake stuck through their tail.' The Headquarters Staff had no time to think of the enemy; their whole attention had to be given to straightening out their communications, for behind the lines there was utter confusion.

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Nothing is more delicate than transport organization before a battle, and a single mistake may be fatal to victory. It was particularly delicate for the Americans, as their sector was very badly provided with roads. In these circumstances a serious blunder was made in the traffic scheme, and it ended in the most colossal traffic jam in the war. Those of us who were on the Somme remember the traffic jams of 1916. In those days we thought that the Guillemont road when it marked the boundary between the British and French beat all the records of confusion, but that road was an orderly, practical means of communication compared to the chaos of the roads behind the American front. At Avocourt, the critical point, there was a jam in which not a wheel turned for seventeen hours. The men in the first line, who had advanced four miles or so, were in many cases without supplies for four days.

The American difficulties were in no way due to the German artillery. On a great part of their front they were fighting on ground that had never been fought on before, so that it was tolerably free of shell-holes. The mud was bad, but certainly not so bad as both at Verdun and in the Somme. The confusion arose, first, from the Staff mistake mentioned above, and, secondly, from want of comprehension of the meaning of traffic discipline.

The great lesson of the war has been the need of submission to authority. This lesson the Americans had not had time to learn, and they are by nature an independent people. There were far too many detached lorries on the roads without any responsible N.C.O., and their drivers seemed to take a malicious delight in holding up all traffic. Much time and confusion might have been saved if the Americans, in the days immediately preceding the attack, had prepared tracks beside the roads for infantry and horse vehicles. As it was, motors, horse vehicles, and men were all muddled together in a conglomerate mess, and it took miracles of patience and endless delay to reëstablish circulation.

The German road discipline was one of the most impressive qualities of the German Army. An American officer who had occasion to pass a German corps during its retreat after the armistice told me that his car was able to travel practically at full speed along the road past the marching infantry with all its impedimenta. Rigid Prussian discipline insisted on every man and every driver keeping to the right as much as possible and leaving fully half the road absolutely clear.

The American communications were sadly hampered by the want of light railways. In modern warfare the light railway is indispensable. Some time before the Somme Battle of 1916, General Gouraud said to the writer, 'Do try and persuade your people that they will never succeed in any offensive without light railways. Motor traffic is no substitute for them. Without them everything will be held up.' In the Somme we soon learned that nothing could be done without railways, and after our terrible difficulties with road traffic the engineers began to lay down an efficient light railway system. General Gouraud practised what he preached. He had more miles of light railway to the mile of front in his sector than any other general on the French front. Not a little of his success in resisting the German advance last July was due to that admirable railway organization.

The part played by the railways in the war seems to be singularly misunderstood at home. Mr. Lovat Fraser in the *Daily Mail* of March 3, wrote, 'The motors did far more than

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the locomotives toward winning the war on the Western Front.' Such a total misconception of all the lessons of the war is little less than astounding. One might be tempted in opposition to put forward the paradox that it was an actual advantage to the Germans that they were so short of motor-lorries, since this very shortage compelled them to build efficient light-railway systems everywhere. The motor-lorry is undoubtedly valuable, but its use should be confined to emergency. Verdun was saved by motor-lorries, but it would have been saved far more easily and with far less loss if only the French authorities had previously built a system of military railways out of reach of the German guns. There were three thousand lorries plying daily along the famous road between Verdun and Bar-le-Duc. The eternal procession was maintained by thousands of men working on the road, and by mercilessly sacrificing every motor that broke down; but it was a strain which could not have been kept up indefinitely. Yet all those lorries only represented fifteen trains a day in either direction on an ordinary line. They were eventually replaced by a branch line built from Revigny, and when that line was opened communications with Verdun were assured in a way that the lorries had never been able to assure them. A glance at any German map will always show behind the lines a magnificent system of railways both narrow and broad gauge, and it is hardly to be doubted that our efforts would have been more successful if only we had had a similar organization.

There followed for the whole American Army a period of acute disappointment. The British in the north were advancing with enormous strides, while they themselves, burning with eagerness and enthusiasm, were held up after the first two days' success. The American High Command had hoped to reach its first main objective on the second or third day of fighting and to have cleared the Argonne within a week; their patrols were to have met the French patrols at Grandpré. The whole plan was upset by the disorganization behind the lines. A precious week was lost and the enemy had time to strengthen his defenses in the rear, with the result that they were able to stave off military disasters until the armistice.

On the American side there was a want of realization of the real difficulties which had to be faced. I myself heard one of the highest officers of General Pershing's Staff remark that on by far the greater part of the French front it was as easy to fight in winter as in summer. It was rather hard on the wounded, perhaps, he admitted, but otherwise quite simple. It was impossible for raw troops to realize the power of General Mud. There was an idea abroad that the French and British stuck in trenches and kept more or less quiet during winter because they liked it. The Americans did not understand that there is a certain state of weather and soil which makes all fighting on a large scale literally impossible. Had they realized the difficulty of transport and its importance, they might, thanks to their numbers and dash, have won a really great victory before hostilities came to an end.

On October 1, after six days' battle, they were still between one and a half and three miles away from the main points of their first objective and the enemy's resistance had not weakened. In the second stage of the battle the Americans succeeded in clearing the Argonne by a well-conceived operation. A sudden conversion of the front of their left wing to the west enabled

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them to scale the heights on the eastern edge of the forest, and their success clinched the victory won by the French three days before, when they had occupied Challerange. Their next business was to get into touch with the Kriemhilde-Stellung all along the line. Throughout the action the Americans were hampered by an insufficiency of intelligence. The positions and extent of the various lines were only vaguely known, and for a time the Kriemhilde-Stellung must have seemed to the infantry to be either a myth or a position which was moving steadily northward. It was not till November 1 that the Americans reached the Kriemhilde-Stellung. The new lines, in the absence of big German counter-attacks, had been consolidated and were ready for the final advance on the last main objective which was to seal the fate of the German Army. Unhappily, the battle had already lasted thirty-seven days, and the enemy had only to stave off defeat for ten more days before the armistice.

From November 1 to November 11 was the last stage of the Argonne-Meuse battle. Up to this time the enemy had hoped to escape defeat and save his main railway line by defensive tactics, but now he saw that the end was near. The courage of the American Army and its practically unlimited supply of men made it only a question of time before the defense was overpowered. Yet he made a last desperate effort to save the situation. On November 1 he threw three new divisions into the line, three more on November 2, six on November 3, two on November 4, and three on November 5, so that he engaged no less than seventeen fresh divisions during these five days. Then his reserves were exhausted and there was nothing left for him but to withdraw behind the Meuse. The main object of the battle was fulfilled. The Mézières railway line was within reach of the American guns. From the German point of view the whole situation was saved by the armistice.

The long struggle ended in a victory for the Americans. They were fortunate enough to come at a moment when numbers and courage could turn the balance. Some four years before General Joffre had said cheerfully that he was 'nibbling away' at the German lines, and that continuous nibbling had brought the German Army to the point at which its reserves were exhausted. At the time of the armistice Germany had on the entire western front only one fresh division in reserve, and a great attack was preparing in Lorraine under General Mangin's command with twenty divisions. The Americans had shown that their army was excellent material from which after another eighteen months' fighting a fine set of scientific soldiers could have been made. As it was, their success cost them dearly. The French used to say after the battle of the Somme that there were three first-rate armies in the world, the British, the French, and the German. Had the war continued for another eighteen months the American Army, would, no doubt, have taken rank in that category.*

* The Americans estimate that forty-six German divisions were engaged against them in the Argonne battle. At the moment of going to press I have received an official estimate from the French Intelligence Department, which states that in all twenty-seven German divisions were engaged against the Americans in the Argonne battle between September 26 and November 11, 1918. At that time the strength of the German company was between fifty and seventy men so that the infantry strength of the division amounted to about 2,500 rifles. Thus according to the French the Germans engaged about 60,000 rifles against 260,000 Americans. — THE AUTHOR.

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THE HUMANITIES IN EDUCATION

BY LORD CHARNWOOD

ENGLAND, whether a learned country or not, is a country in which the 'more Humane Letters' have a strangely potent influence on life. Reforms are pending in regard to their place in our schools. It may not be amiss for an ordinary parent (no expert in teaching) to set down simply his trite reflections on this limited part of the vast field of our national education.

One cannot read recent authoritative reports on this matter without the sense that a wise constructive spirit prevails among our educational leaders. But much depends on the influence which parents exercise on schools. It is the besetting temptation of authority, while being in general too conservative, to yield in the wrong direction to the wrong kind of pressure. And public opinion easily forgets fundamental principles about education.

Strange delusions sometimes have the countenance of eminent men. There was recently a conference of scientific personages of almost overpowering distinction. They delivered each his oration; they then collected letters from parents with sons at our most famous public school, and they circulated the result far and wide. It may be summarized thus: 'It is disgraceful that our schools do not teach their pupils . . . which would be so useful to them afterwards, and . . . which every educated man ought to know.' We are left to fill the blanks with the various subjects which the men of science and their correspondents severally named. If we do so, their collective demand comes to this: Our public schools must provide more teaching in every nameable branch of physical science, in mathematics up to a higher point than school boys now reach, in English literature as a whole, in the most recent history of every important country, in French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian, in geography, in bookkeeping, in commercial correspondence, in the elements of political economy, and in the theory of foreign exchanges.

Those of us who have ever been at school know that this is nonsense. We can form some notion of what is involved in the organizing and staffing of a school; we can also recall what we were like as boys. We know that it would be idle to try to fit every boy with just that sort of information that shall have the most direct bearing on the pursuits which will engage him ten years hence. But when distinguished men can publish stuff like this, lesser men may easily forget the leading principle which governs all education. The intellectual benefit (not to speak here of the more distinctively moral benefit) which schools can offer lies not so much in definite information as in an increased facility for learning whatever the student may hereafter need to learn, and an attitude of more alert receptiveness toward all that the world has to teach. And to this main purpose of schools all other purposes must be kept subordinate. We want capable and enlightened citizens more than skilled professional men. And

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we can get them without even the sacrifice of professional skill, for in every calling expert opinion cries for recruits with educated minds rather than with ready-made knowledge. A successful lawyer is much more likely to have dallied in his boyhood with Greek iambics than with Smith's *Leading Cases*. And the successful experiment of the Admiralty lately, in taking cadets of a more advanced age into a service so exactingly technical as the navy, illustrates the same too often forgotten moral.

Our schools then ought to make easier to an ordinary youth, what an untaught man of genius attains for himself but only with difficulty, the practice of mastering his own subject, and the habit of gathering wisdom as he goes along. They do it, of course, very imperfectly; the pupil himself has it necessarily in his power to frustrate them, and a home, in which good books are never read and nobody ever looks out a place in an Atlas, is a great impediment to school and pupil. But they do it to some extent, and successful writers in many fields know what they owe to them. It seems an absurd result of historic accident that for such a purpose two dead languages and literatures are still their favorite instrument, with other subjects taught, but taught in a subordinate place. But let us try to put plainly the defense for this traditional system, and then consider the extent to which complaint of the system is justified.

To begin with, there is common sense in the judgment of experts that training in languages should fill a large place in early education. To be trained in making out exactly what someone else means by his words, in expressing exactly what one means one's self, and, therefore, in having some definite meaning, is up to a certain point to be trained in appreciation of fact and understanding of human nature. Children differ in the extent to which they respond to this discipline, but some amount of it is good for all. Such mere drill, if it remains mere drill, becomes tiresome. It must broaden into something of more substantial interest; and yet the distinctly grammatical side of literary culture long remains, no mere elegant trifling, but a help in accurately grasping difficult fact. Next, this advantage is certainly best obtained by learning a strange language. Latin and Greek (especially Latin) have certain differences from most modern languages which enhance this effect. Moreover, by common consent, one language is better than another as a vehicle of thought and feeling, and Latin and Greek have each special excellences as languages.

But the gymnastic effect of such teaching soon links itself with a larger interest. We study Latin and Greek for the sake of getting a sort of understanding and appreciation of a people other than our own, which does more to enlarge our experience than a slighter but more extended study of history generally would be likely to do. A more or less adequate view of ancient Greece or Rome can be compendiously given in the course of a not extravagantly prolonged education. An adequate view of living France or England cannot so be given, and the attempt to give it in school to the French or English boy might easily stuff his mind with notions about his neighbors which, if ever true, were half a century out of date. The man who best understands another nation, or the movements taking place in his own, has, as a rule, drunk deep of our traditional classical studies.

And this brings us to the principal claim of the classics. They first took their place in education when they were the keys to any deep or extended

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knowledge of the world. The 'Revival of Learning' was the beginning of modern science, and of more. It made possible a higher regard for truth, a nobler and more charitable comprehension of things human, a heartier reverence for things divine than could have flourished in a cloister under the care of 'blind Authority.' And now that German is more essential than Greek for the physicist, and other great literatures exist (outside the Bible) beside those of Greece and Rome; now that the old keys of learning are not the only keys nor the old 'classics' the only 'classics,' it would be an illusion to suppose that the function of the old learning was gone. There are fields of true thought and right feeling, in which the first great writers, and not the latest, keep freshest; and the new literatures have, more or less consciously, been created to supplement, not displace, the old. Necessarily then, the old literatures are more universal in their appeal, so that an Englishman who values Shakespeare ever so highly may yet think Virgil, or Homer, or Æschylus have more to say to French boys, and a Frenchman may judge correspondingly. Lastly, if we look not so much to great books as to the national life which books reveal, we must admit this surprising fact: the Romans and the Greeks in their periods of greatest literary activity are in some ways nearer to us in the character of the problems, moral, social or political, national or international, with which they had to wrestle, than our modern neighbors in any period which is far enough past for cool study. This is a bold statement. Yet who will challenge it?

Such is the theoretical case for the predominance of the classics. As to the practical test, so hard to apply, we have at one end preparatory schools whose teaching we remember, when we do remember it, with gratitude; and at the other, such examples as the Oxford school of '*Literæ Humaniores*' (more deliberately planned than the schools of the more learned Cambridge as a training ground for men of affairs), and this is the one institution in the world to which those who know it best give unmitigated praise. In our great public schools we remember most influences outside the class-room, yet in each of them what a weapon the rare born teacher of boys has found in the classics! If, apart from mere grumbling, we feel that some change is needed, and that classical education is not indispensable, since the Greeks themselves had none, yet we must acknowledge in it a mighty instrument of good by no means obsolete. It is necessary that just demands for change should proceed upon the very grounds on which the case for the classics rests.

The reasons for such demands fall under two heads. First, children vary, and the subject which awakens intellect in most, does not do so in all. There are children insusceptible, for the time at least, to linguistic and literary education, because their minds are already at work on other subjects. They cannot do everything at once, so that the discipline depresses them; and they do not altogether need it, for they are getting it in another way. Secondly, the humanities are being used to defeat their own proper object when they actually narrow the activity of a man's mind, and the scope of his interest and knowledge of the world. The only just claim for the humanities is that they do the reverse of this. Does this bring us perilously near the demand for schools which teach everything? That depends upon whether the scientific and the modern subjects for which fuller scope is asked, stand on the same ground, and whether the

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spirit of the humanities really exacts of us the whole established discipline of Latin and Greek.

The subjects which compete with the classics do not stand on the same ground. As to some of them, we may recall that there is such a thing as intelligent reading at home and in after life. History and modern languages alike are subjects which many a man teaches himself best without excessive help at school. There is hope for greater efficiency, which should not require longer time, in the French lessons of English schools. But, if educated men do not know all the foreign languages they need, it is their own fault; their classical discipline gave them the best foundation. Competent English scientists know French and German, for their own subjects compel them to do so; and our classical scholars are the men most likely to know (without schooling) French or Italian, and France and Italy. Let the intellectual commerce between great peoples grow freely; we need not, and perhaps we cannot, do much to force it in the schools.

But it is far otherwise with physical science. Here there are initial labors which, in crowded later life, a man cannot surmount by recreative reading. Here too there is much positive knowledge, for want of which an intelligent man should feel abashed before his fellow who is familiar with it, as he would never feel abashed before a man who knew two modern languages to his one. And the method and spirit of the sciences supplies an element of mental discipline which linguistic training (however high we rank it) lacks. Lastly, the mainly scientific bent is a thing differing somewhat deeply from the (more common) mainly literary bent, whereas the different departments of humanistic interest are twigs of the same branch. Hence, there is acknowledged need to let the young scientist specialize rather early. But more; there is needed an obligatory course in elementary scientific facts and principles such that every boy and girl that has learned it will hereafter move more freely in the intellectual world. Let us have done, too, with that grossly illiberal and inhumane, scholastic prejudice which (ready to do adulation to old-time scientists like Plato and Aristotle) regards the living man of science as addicted to a more vulgar trade. There is an unnecessary antagonism to be banished between two great avenues to the same world of knowledge.

This means some curtailment of classics in schools. Why not? We have spoken of Latin and Greek as if they were twin-screws of a steamer. They are nothing of the kind. Most likely we have in the past been overdoing the young mind by imposing on it the donkey-work of two hard grammars at once. Now Latin is for several reasons better adapted than Greek to be the backbone subject in the obligatory course in higher schools; and Roman life is so related to Greek that he who learns Latin gets a brief inspiring glimpse into classic antiquity as a whole. Greek, on the other hand, for those who will ever use it freely, offers the greatest literature which the world has yet known. But, to speak boldly, Greek is not very hard to one who has learned to learn languages. It has certain terrors for a child who has to learn it in a memorizing and syntax-grinding fashion; while the really more difficult Latin, with its superficial simplicity and the frequent resemblance of its words to English, will lure him delusively on. But a scholar well grounded in Latin, and with some practice in the more free and easy method by which a modern language is acquired, can learn Greek almost as

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easily as an educated Englishman, when the fancy strikes him, learns Italian. Its real benefits are after all for a comparatively select few. Those few will not be done away with, if Greek is presented to their free choice at a later stage. It is curious to reflect how hopelessly alien to the Greek conception of education would have been the idea of compulsory Greek. The very features of Greek literature which make some of us value passionately its influence in modern life should assure us of its power to endure, and should warn us also that we do it a disservice when we make any needless insistence on it a stumbling-block in any earnest student's path. In any case, long live the Humanities! The immediate tendency of educational reform among us seems likely to prolong and also to invigorate their life.

The Anglo-French Review

THE WHITMAN CENTENARY

BY EDMUND GOSSE

THE other day we celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Walt Whitman, about whom criticism is far from having said the last word. He is the perpetual crux, the unsolved problem of literature, and probably his strange writings will be still looked upon as a riddle in A.D. 2019. In his old age, Whitman adopted a droll attitude of remoteness toward his own reputation; he affected to contemplate it from a distance. He said, with a smile, 'The University bosses find me very hard to handle'; and when people wrote to ask him what he meant by this or that, he replied, softly, for he was extremely gentle, that they really must find out for themselves.

I have been looking over my examples of Whitman, of whom I possess the first slim folio, *Leaves of Grass*, of 1855, now extremely rare. A great many years ago I was visiting the bookshop of Mr. Bain, when George Howard, the landscape painter (afterwards Lord Carlisle), came in with this volume, which he offered to the bookseller for sale. 'It is a book one can hardly leave about,' he said. It was not, on that occasion, long 'left about,' for within five minutes it became my property, and has remained one of my main treasures ever since.

This original edition of *Leaves of Grass* contains a long prose preface, which Whitman suppressed, and which, so far as I know, has not since then been restored. I have never seen this introduction quoted or even mentioned, but its existence gives the volume of 1855 a peculiar interest. In particular, it explains why Emerson wrote so sympathetically to the author, since the violent transcendentalism of this prose would be much more intelligible to the Sage of Concord than the rhapsodical verse which follows it. To the author of the preface, America seemed 'not merely a nation, but a teeming nation of nations,' and the genius of it was exhibited 'most in the

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common people.' The poet for whom the highest honors are claimed, is to concentrate his genius on 'the freshness and candor of the physiognomy' of rural persons. He is to celebrate their doings and sayings, their appearance and their vitality. 'The expression of the American poet is to be transcendent and new'; it is not necessary that he should 'trot back generation after generation to the eastern records.' Above all, he is to be without fear or shame; he is to cultivate the simplicity of nakedness; 'I will have nothing hang in the way, not the richest curtains.' This suppressed preface of 1855 ought to be reprinted, if it never has been; it gives an extraordinarily vivid impression of the writer's intrepidity when he first confronted the public.

In another place I have given an account of a visit I paid to Whitman in his little two-story house on Mickle Street, Camden, more than thirty years ago. He was then writing what he afterwards called *November Boughs*, and he was anxious about its reception; not in America, which he knew was hostile to him, but in England, where he had once had warmer supporters and a fonder welcome than he found in 1885. He said 'The young fellows seem rather bowled over by me, and then they get respectable or something, and I will no longer do.'

There had been a time when the vogue of Walt Whitman was very active in a small but resolute band of pre-Raphaelites. Looking back on those years, it is easy to understand what it was that attracted these Englishmen to the 'barbaric yawp' of the Long Island carpenter. They were simple, passionate people themselves, and filled with ardent curiosity. They lived intensely in a sharply outlined circle of their own, and cared nothing about social opinion outside it. They were, in the æsthetic sphere, peaceful revolutionaries, as Whitman was in his other sphere of resistance to futility. When the American wrote poetry about 'the white and red pork in the pork store, the tea-table, the home-made sweetmeats,' the British public might laugh, but such themes would not seem ridiculous to admirers of Coventry Patmore, and the early Millais.

So long, therefore, as admiration of *Leaves of Grass* was a flame confined to one esoteric group of young men in London, it burned brightly enough. But there came a fatal day when the world took up the fashion of reading Walt Whitman, and straightway his influence declined. Looking back to that time, we may perceive that it was never the attacks upon his 'style,' nor the shrieks of an outraged Mrs. Grundy which reduced his power, but the popular tendency to apologize for him. What lowered the prestige of Whitman was the timidity of his friends when they took to excusing the libertinage of *Enfans d'Adam*, and *Calamus*, by pointing to later proofs of his civic and literary virtue. How gallant were the numbers of *Drum Taps*, they said; how touching the elegy on Lincoln, how estimable the poet's activity in the hospitals!

But, if we will clear our minds of cant, these appendices to his work, charming in themselves, were so much barley water mixed with the strong wine of his message. If it be worth while to study Walt Whitman at all, it is not in the anodyne edges of his nature that we must begin, but at his uncompromising centre. 'I loaf and invite my soul,' he sings, and we must not shrink, if we wish to penetrate that soul, from the coarse and bracing perfume of its illustration. The one thing we must never do is to persuade ourselves that Whitman was, 'after

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all,' respectable. He was not; he rolled on the carpet of the world like a grown-up naked baby. But what is decency? It is a vague and fugitive quality, affected not merely by tradition but by geography, and 'those who piddle and patter here in collars and tailed coats' must hardly be permitted to define it for the ages.

In one of his conversations, Whitman has said that he received great encouragement out of the gift which reached him, in 1876, after his stroke of paralysis, from his admirers in England. He was grateful, I am afraid, for small mercies, since the collection was rather a poor affair, and the entire subscription did not approach one hundred pounds. But we meant it ardently and kindly, and none of the subscribers were wealthy; among them — the list is before me — were the Rossettis, Swinburne, Leicester Warren (Lord De Tabley), Edward Dowden, Roden Noel, and John Addington Symonds.

Whitman wished the gifts to be considered purchase money for books, and each subscriber received two rather gaudily-bound gilt-edged volumes — *Leaves of Grass* and a new miscellany, called *Two Rivulets*, each book, when it ultimately reached London, containing an inscription in the author's hand. Into my *Two Rivulets* he had also stuck a signed photograph, in which he looked quite *The Great Camerado*, and wherever there was a blank space there had been gummed in fresh printed pieces. There is something extraordinarily naïve and cordial about these queer volumes; they are what Leigh Hunt would call 'to-the-heart-ish.'

The Sunday Times

RAPUNZEL

BY J. MACONECHY

Canon Layne had finished his sermon for Sunday. He sat in the library, leaning back in his armchair, tired out with writing, listening with the drowsy inattention of old age to the sounds of a summer afternoon in the country in June.

Outside in the garden the jobbing gardener was leisurely mowing the grass on the lawn. There was the buzzing of insects, the murmur of bees, the whispering rustling of flowers fanned by the soft summer breeze.

An adventurous butterfly flew in through the open French windows and disturbed the sleeping Rapunzel. Rapunzel ran round and round the room barking in shrill fury, exhausting her energy in a futile chase.

The Canon looked on in contented amusement, casting his mind back over past years in idle reverie. Lately he had felt rather anxious about Rapunzel's health. She had seemed tired and languid. He had feared lest perchance she was beginning to grow feeble in old age, just as he was. For he had passed his seventieth birthday and Rapunzel was ten years old.

Rapunzel had been given to the

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Canon by a veterinary surgeon whose *métier* in life was the breeding of Skye-terriers. He gave Rapunzel away because he did not want her himself. She was useless for sale or show purposes. For though she had a lovely coat, pale gray, reaching to the ground, she was, unfortunately, blind in one eye. Moreover, she was both lop- and prick-eared. One ear stood up — the other hung down. The veterinary surgeon was glad to be able to give the Canon a present. He was fond of him. He thought that he did his job so well, not making any fuss about it, but spending much time in church, praying quietly and sensibly for those who are too busy to do this for themselves — for veterinary surgeons, for instance. Of course, for everyone, personal rather than vicarious devotion is appropriate at times — for example, at the time of death. It would be ridiculous then to think about dogs, ridiculous but very hard not to. One must think then of psalms and things like that: and use antique and solemn phraseology. That was so — was it not?

The Canon had shaken his head in amused dissent. But he had refused argument.

'Two of a trade can never agree, and we are both Skye-pilots,' he had said with a smile, as he carried Rapunzel away in his arms.

Rapunzel had settled down at once to the Rectory ways. At night she lay curled up on the Canon's bed. She woke him every morning by the simple expedient of licking his face. She was always punctual to the minute, impatient of sleepy delay. The Canon, who in his spare time wrote popular articles for the monthly magazines, sometimes found himself wishing on cold wintry mornings that Rapunzel was not quite such a strict follower of modern philosophers.

'Could you not, Rapunzel,' he said, 'be content with the older school of thought and agree that there is no such thing as time?'

In the daytime Rapunzel accompanied the Canon on his parochial visits or helped as much as she could in the garden by digging up bulbs with her paws. She was sorry when the Canon gave up the planting of bulbs as a pursuit doomed to failure.

As Rapunzel grew older and the fringe over her eyes grew longer her blindness was not noticeable to casual passers-by, and these often wondered sorrowfully at the extraordinary extravagance of a parson in keeping such a beautiful specimen. But her visual defect had one real drawback. A tortoiseshell cat, her chief foe in the village, often walked comfortably in undisturbed serenity on Rapunzel's blind side. The Canon consoled her — 'In the country of the blind,' he said, 'the one-eyed man is king.'

Before Rapunzel came the Canon had been rather a rising man in the diocese, but of late years he had slipped out of diocesan life. It had been difficult to stay away for a night in order to preach in other churches. He had tried it once, in response to a pressing invitation from the Bishop to preach in the Cathedral. He had stayed for the night at the Palace. But the experiment had not been a success. He had felt distrait and anxious. To himself his sermon had seemed futile, almost grotesque, wholly inadequate.

When he got home he found that Rapunzel had howled all day in his absence; she had refused food; she had run all over the village, looking hopelessly for him, getting wet in the pouring rain. She had caught cold. She developed bronchitis. The Canon sat up with her all night in the library in order to make up the fire at intervals. During his lonely vigil he went on with a little monograph he was writing con-

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cerning Henry VIII. The Canon belonged to the Evangelical school of thought. He was glad that the Church in England was no longer associated with the Western Patriarchate.

The room was very quiet. The Canon wrote apace. Rapunzel struggled in a paroxysm of coughing. The Canon paused in his strictures on ecclesiastical abuses. He knelt and made up the fire. He hesitated. Rapunzel coughed again, struggling to draw uneven breaths. She gazed at him in mute appeal with wistful eyes. He looked guiltily round the room, though he knew that there was nobody there. Of course, he was not kneeling on purpose: he just happened to be kneeling. He was not speaking in any special way, only just as a man may speak to a friend.

'Francis of Assisi' — he whispered.

Rapunzel breathed more easily; she closed her eyes; she slept till the sun came streaming in through the long French windows. When she woke the Canon was sitting in the armchair by the fire. He had not moved all night lest he should wake her. He was too tired to finish his essay on the pre-Reformation abuses. He wrote and told the publishers that he could not now complete it.

Since that time Rapunzel had never been ill. He had never felt worried about her, not until this June afternoon. And now her energetic chase after the errant butterfly reassured him. She could not be really ill. They might safely walk through the village up to the church to say Evensong. He rose from his chair and Rapunzel flew at his feet, barking furiously in shrill delight. Together they sauntered slowly through the village on their way to the church. Time was of no particular value, for after forty years' experience the Canon knew very well that there would be nobody in church on a weekday. But such neglect, he thought, is not unnatural. Tragic mystery is the common environment of man, and great indeed is the debt owed by the Creator to His creatures.

The Canon was glad it was not a Sunday, for on Sundays Rapunzel waited in the vestry lest her presence should prove to any a stumbling block, but on weekdays she sat at his feet in the chancel.

The sexton's wife stood at her garden gate watching the Canon with anxious eyes as he came slowly up the village.

'He grows old, like the rest of us,' she thought. Dying and rising again were familiar enough thoughts to her. She had lived so long amidst the fields.

'I shall soon be under the daisies myself,' she thought smiling.

She waited every day to chat to the Canon on his way up to church.

'Miss Rapunzel is as lively as ever,' she said as Rapunzel flew into the garden on her daily chase after her tortoiseshell foe. 'She don't grow older,' she said, 'like the rest of us.'

She knew that the oft-repeated inexactitude never failed to please Rapunzel's friend.

The Canon was surprised to find a motor-cyclist looking round the church, examining the old brasses, the quaint monuments, the quiet effigies of Crusaders. The Canon looked at him with some anxiety. Must Rapunzel sit in the vestry as on Sundays? On the whole he thought not. Rapunzel took up her weekly place in the chancel. The tourist for his part was surprised to find himself taking part in a service. But he had a powerful bass voice. He played his unaccustomed part well.

'All the beasts of the forest are mine,' chanted the feeble voice of the old minister.

'I know all the fowls upon the mountains,' responded powerful youth.

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But the Canon could not go on. He stopped, laying down his book with trembling hands. What was that? Rapunzel gave a little sigh and let her head fall against his foot.

The tourist came forward and helped to carry the little dead terrier back to the Rectory.

'You must forgive me my distraction,' the Canon said afterwards. 'My little dog was all I had to love on earth.'

'All?' said the young man, surprised into a sudden self-revelation. 'But if you have love, that is everything.'

He went on his way. He was always looking for something to love, but he had never been able to find it.

The Canon spent the evening alone in his library. He left his supper untasted. He wanted nobody near him. He was glad when he heard his old housekeeper go slowly upstairs to bed. He did not want sympathy. He wanted Rapunzel. There was really little else in the world that he cared about. 'Life is so ugly,' he thought, 'ugly with loneliness, ugly with misery. The whole world is full of bitterness and strife, and from it there is no escape.'

He sat huddled up in the armchair by the fire. The fire was blazing up the chimney, yet it seemed to give out no heat. The dancing flames only served to show up the dark background of the garden outside seen through the unshuttered windows. He glanced out at the night and shivered a little with fear; then, remembering his calling, he muttered to himself —

'The darkness is no darkness with Thee ——'

He held out his trembling hands a little closer to the blaze. But he felt no warmth. Perhaps then this was death, the chill of death? — No matter. Death comes as a stranger to some, but to others just as a friend. He leaned back in his armchair. He felt so very tired. The darkness gathered closely round him. He wished Rapunzel had been with him in his hour of weakness. He heard a scratching at the window. He strained his eyes trying to see into the outside gloom. He heard a little whine, an impatient bark.

'I am coming,' he said feebly: the death-rattle was already sounding in his throat. He struggled and rose from his chair. He groped his way to the window through impenetrable blackness. He felt for the latch with trembling fingers. He pushed open the window and looked out into the night. He slipped and fell.

'The night was as clear as the day.'

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel,' he cried.

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THE DOWNFALL OF THE RUSSIAN 'INTELLECTUALS'

BY HUGH BRENNAN

THE Russian Intellectuals were given a great opportunity of leading their fellow countrymen along the highway of intelligent progress at the outbreak of the revolution in 1917. We have seen how utterly they failed to make use of this opportunity and how great was their collapse, brought about by political inexperience and fantastic dreamings. Yet it cannot be denied that they, above all others, were instrumental in bringing about the downfall of autocracy, of which they had always been the principal victims. It is all the more astonishing, therefore, to notice that the Bolshevik rulers of Russia seem to single out the Intellectuals for special persecution and to treat them as though they were the most dangerous enemies of democracy. There is no need here to differentiate between Democracy and Bolshevism. What is happening in Russia proves beyond a doubt that the two terms are incompatable. Are Lenine and Trotzky really so ignorant of the part played by the Russian Intellectuals in the earlier revolutionary movements in Russia and of the countless numbers of them who were hanged, tortured, or exiled since the early years of the nineteenth century, when they started that great movement toward the emancipation of the serfs which culminated in the ukase of 1861? To whom, if not to the Intellectuals, does the Russian peasant owe the freedom from bondage which that ukase gave him? Even earlier than 1814 the Intellectuals were engaged in a desperate struggle against arbitrary power and bondage, and one can easily distinguish in the character of Pierre — as traced by Tolstoy in *War and Peace* — those special traits of humanitarianism which were to distinguish the Decemberites in 1824–1825.

The organized attempt of these latter to overthrow autocracy was the outcome of the impact of Western European liberalizing tendencies upon the minds of the younger nobles in Russia, especially officers who had become acquainted with the currents of political thought in France during the occupation of Paris by the Allies in 1814–1815. It was, perhaps, an aristocratic movement rather than a popular one, but it could not well have been otherwise considering the position of the Russian peasantry at that epoch and the scanty numbers of the urban proletariat. Yet we find these young nobles, inspired as they were by humanitarian aims, clamoring even then for the abolition of serfdom (seemingly against their own class interests), the education of the people, political equality and constitutional guaranties, and some of them even for a return to the federal system of city republics such as existed in Russia in the fourteenth century.

This political movement was crushed with the greatest severity by Nicolas I, and the *Bead House* of Bostoevsky gives us some idea of what those Intellectuals endured who escaped the hangman and were sent to a life-long exile in Siberia. For although that great writer underwent the same punishment many years later, yet the life

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of political exiles in the Siberian mines was probably better in his days than it was in 1825.

From that time and right up to the events of 1917 and the outbreak of the Revolution the Russian Intellectuals have played the most conspicuous part n the struggle for the political and social emancipation of the Russian people. Their one political weakness has been their extreme 'idealism' and want of cohesion.

Deprived of political significance and refused the most elementary civic rights, the Russian Intellectuals were driven to extremes in their struggle for political recognition and participation in the government of their country. Hence it is we find that nearly all the revolutionary impulses in Russia have been more of a political than a social-economic character. Hence also the enthusiasm of the young Russian Intellectuals in the early 'forties' for the teachings of Saint-Simon, Fourier, Proudhon, and other extreme Socialists, and their revived interest in the French eighteenth century Encyclopædists. Their tendencies toward Socialism were fostered and increased by the widespread fermentation caused by the great rapidity of changes in the structure of Russian society, apart from the stimulus they received from without. The extreme form of centralization which characterized the political life of Russia in those days was reflected in the smallest details of community and family life, and this led to what may be called a revolt of the individual against communal guaranty and patriarchalism — so well described by Turgueniev in his *Fathers and Children*. The revolt became more and more intense, as Prince Kropotkin says in his memoirs:

> During the years 1860–1865 in nearly every wealthy family a bitter struggle was going on between the fathers, who wanted to maintain the old traditions, and the sons and daughters, who defended their right to dispose of their lives according to their own ideals.

It is all the more difficult to understand the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the Russian Intellectuals as a class, because the origin and history of Western European Intelligentsia has been so entirely different. Broadly speaking the Intelligentsia of Western Europe derives its origin from and naturally sympathizes with the bourgeoisie, hence its apparent tendency to range itself against the proletariat and its antagonism to Socialism.

In the history of Russia vastly different political and economic conditions have produced just the opposite result. Neither in their sympathies nor in their interests have the Russian Intellectuals ever been inclined toward the bourgeoisie, perhaps because what we might call the small bourgeoisie has never existed as a class in Russia, hence the advent of Socialism in that country would not produce the same economic disturbance as elsewhere. Further the 'Intellectuals' are the only Socialists in Russia, or rather only Intellectuals are Socialists. The peasants have no leanings whatever toward Socialism and the workingmen in Russia, as elsewhere, have but the crudest ideas about it. As a result of the discontent caused by the fact that they were deprived of any political influence on the government, and thereby driven into active resistance, the very attitude of the Russian Intellectuals toward life and the evolution of society became entirely different from that of similar groups in Western Europe. The existence of political despotism and ecclesiastical stagnation in Russia diverted the mind of the Russian Intellectual from political and ecclesiastical spheres to purely intellectual and moral spheres, and

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drove him further and further from what seemed to him the sordid materialism of the peasants. Hence, perhaps, his extraordinary enthusiasm for Socialist doctrines, hence his peculiar sense of freedom and that indifference to tradition which seem to mark him off from Westerners of similar education, among whom political interests are predominant.

Yet this is the man whom the Bolsheviki accuse of being a reactionary, and a potential danger to liberated Russia. They cannot be sincere in their accusation, and there must be some other reason why Lenine wishes to destroy the influence of the Russian Intellectuals, and to prevent them by every means of torture and tyranny from playing a part in the political reconstruction of Russia. He has endeavored to base his policy of destruction on class interests and the necessity of class warfare in order to safeguard the interests of the urban proletariat. Neither he nor his followers have ever taken into consideration the interests of the rural proletariat, yet the latter is by far the more numerous and important in Russia. The Bolsheviki are endeavoring to rule over Russia by relying on the support of an aggressive and armed minority, banded together by an iron discipline such as was unknown in the army of the Tsar, and on that of a horde of mercenaries, Letts, and Chinese, whose high pay is still further supplemented by the right to murder, ravish, and pillage wherever they go.

The Bolsheviki realize but too well that the Russian Intellectuals will never tolerate a régime far more tyrannical than that of any former Tsar imposed upon them by political adventurers and maniacs who, in the majority of cases, cannot even claim to be Russians, and must needs hide their real names — of doubtful honesty — under Russian pseudonyms. The Intellectuals who fought, bled, and died for the cause of freedom in the days when Russia was held in the grip of bureaucratic oppression have left their legacy of love and sacrifice for the same cause to the Russian Intellectuals of the present day, and these will not prove unworthy of their predecessors. Insidious rumors have been circulated among the working classes in this country that the Bolsheviki represent the Russian people and that those Russians who oppose their rule are reactionary members of the 'Black Hundred' anxious to restore autocracy and to reintroduce the old system of political and economic pressure. The short summary of the political evolution of the Russian Intelligentsia which I have just set down proves how unfounded and unjust are these accusations whose sole object is to discredit the Intellectuals by making them out to be members of an exclusive and aristocratic class, hostile to the revolution and the rights of the people, something like Prussian Junkers. As a matter of fact there has never been what might properly be called a self-conscious class in Russia, for no class of Russian society has acted for any length of time or with any degree of interior cohesion. As we have seen, the Intelligentsia is now drawn from all classes. Up to 1861, the year of the emancipation of the Russian peasantry, the members of the Intelligentsia were mostly drawn from the aristocracy and the clergy, but after that date it was quickly and permanently democratized by those Intellectuals who sprang from the people when the legal barriers fell. But before 1861, as well as after, the one aim of the Intellectuals has been the liberation of the Russian people from political slavery. During their struggle against autocracy they have often lacked perspective in their view of

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society, and have been carried away by fanantical enthusiasm giving themselves up to futile visions or violent action in order to obtain immediate results. They have been found wanting in political experience and constructive statesmanship, and by their want of cohesion they have jeopardized the beneficial results of the Russian revolution. All this is true of the Russian Intellectuals, but all this is a direct result of Russian conditions of society for centuries past, and the blame is not entirely theirs. On the other hand, what an enormous debt the world owes to these same Russian Intellectuals, whose spiritual forces have made themselves felt so tremendously in the realms of thought and art. All that is great and noble, inspiring and uplifting in Russia's literature, in her music, in every form of her national art, it is to the soul of her Intelligentsia that she owes it. When their genius was not trammeled by regulations and ukases the Russian Intellectuals showed themselves equal, if not superior, to the Intellectuals of Western Europe. Why, then, should they be incapable of bringing about order and peace in their afflicted land? We have ignored their claims to our moral sympathy and support simply because we distrusted them, looking upon them as 'dreamers' or idle theoreticians, condemning them before we had examined their case or sought out the cause of their disaster Yet the one hope of Russia's salvation is in her Intelligentsia. Fortunately for mankind Bolshevism carries within itself the germs of its own destruction, and Russia will survive the ordeal through which she is passing. By her Intellectuals, and thanks to her Intellectuals, Russia will eventually, and let us hope shortly, take that place among the great democracies of the world to which her genius, her idealism, her sufferings for the cause of freedom, entitle her.

The Glasgow Herald

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HOUSING OR EMIGRATION; A QUESTION FOR BRITAIN

BY HAROLD COX

HITHERTO there seems to have been little public discussion of the Government Housing Bill. Like many of the other measures which the government has hastily knocked together, it is so big that few people have realized its full bearings. Dr. Addison himself has done his best to warn the country of the dangers of a purely State scheme of housing, and has appealed to the fact that before the war 95 per cent of the houses in the country were built by private enterprise. He might have added that as a result of private enterprise there was, up to the time of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget of 1909, a supply of houses in excess of the demand. Partly through the operations of the Land Value Duties, incorporated in that Budget, and partly through the necessary cessation of building during war, there is now a deficiency of houses.

The proposal to make good that deficiency at the cost of the State involves, however, very grave financial and economic dangers. In the first place, the moment the State intervenes, prices rise, both for labor and for materials. In any case building must be dearer to-day than it was before the war, but the cost will certainly be enhanced if contractors and workmen know that the government will pay the bill. Moreover, any government scheme must involve grave injustice as between different areas. It has been well pointed out by the Housing Committee o the London County Council that the present scheme involves a heavy burden upon the taxpayers of London for the building of houses in Birmingham and other large cities. This is a gross and inexcusable injustice.

More serious still is the consideration that we cannot clearly foresee how many houses we shall want, nor in what places we shall want them. Our industries are in a state of flux. It may be that sanity will return to the leaders of the wage-earning classes when the excitement of the war has quite died down; but at the present moment the demands put forward by the miners in particular will involve such a heavy burden on the other industries of the nation that we shall find ourselves handicapped in our competition with foreign countries. Few people sufficiently realize that the great industrial success of this country throughout the nineteenth century rested very largely upon the possession of cheap coal. When that basis is withdrawn our industrial supremacy may disappear entirely, *and if our industrial supremacy goes our industrial population will go too.* A similar, but perhaps less serious, danger arises with regard to the location of houses. As far as can be gathered the government scheme foreshadows the further multiplication of houses in existing urban areas. But the most urgent need of our population at the present time is de-urbanization, and probably if manufacturers were left alone they would initiate big schemes for moving some of our industries from the town to the country.

Finally, it must be noted that already a reduction of our population has

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begun. In the quarter ended December 31 last, the excess of deaths over births in the United Kingdom was 90,000; in England and Wales for the quarter ended March 31 last, the excess of deaths over births was 47,000. No doubt this decline in the population was partly due to the heavy toll of life taken by the influenza epidemic, but if the steady reduction in the number of births during the previous ten years be noted it will be seen that the growing practice of birth control is the really important factor. In view of all these facts it is extremely dangerous to saddle the country with a debt which may amount to many hundreds of millions for building at an excessive cost houses which possibly may not be wanted at all in the future, or will not be wanted in the places where they have been built.

The alternative policy is to do something to reduce the excessive congestion of population in England and Wales and to make good the shortage of population in a large part of the overseas empire. Take for example Western Australia. Its area is eight times that of the whole of the United Kingdom; yet its population in 1911 was only 282,000, or less than a third of the population of Birmingham alone. Is it better to build more houses in Birmingham or to help to emigrate English folk to Western Australia?

As the Agent-General for Western Australia points out in the *Times* of May 23, no part of the Empire has a finer record of voluntary enlistment for service in the great war.

Undoubtedly at the present time all the Dominions are a little shy of encouraging immigration from the United Kingdom, partly from fear of labor troubles, partly from the difficulties of providing the means of settlement. If, however, the Government of the United Kingdom, instead of plunging recklessly into housing schemes, were to devote even a tenth part of the money which it is proposed to spend upon bricks and mortar to assist the settlement of suitable emigrants in the Dominions, it is more than probable that the movement would be enthusiastically welcomed. Settlers provided with capital sufficient to enable them to make a start in life are a very different proposition to immigrants on the lookout for employment and depressing the labor market.

No doubt the Government of the United Kingdom would have to run some financial risks in thus assisting overseas settlement but there would be at least a chance of recoupment, whereas, the scheme of housing now before Parliament contemplates quite frankly a final loss of an unknown number of millions. Houses are to be built at an extravagant price and to be let at a figure which admittedly will not repay the cost; the loss is to be written off by an addition to the National Debt, leaving posterity to pay for our present political follies. It is obviously better worth while from the financial point of view to incur some risk in advancing money to oversea settlers under an agreement to repay as soon as they have established themselves.

From the human and Imperial point of view the advantages of this alternative policy are even greater. The majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain to-day are living in overcrowded areas, and this fundamental evil will not be mitigated — it may even be accentuated — by further enlarging our already over-large towns. On the other hand, within the Dominions there are immense undeveloped regions, and it is a matter of Imperial importance that these vacant spaces should be peopled by the English race.

The Sunday Times

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DERNBURG'S GLOOMY FORECAST

THE political revolution of November 9, 1918, found the German economic system in a far less sound position than in peace time. The economic war had seriously injured it in all its branches. German foreign trade, which had always before the war shown a large credit balance, was for the most part destroyed. Even the offer of an armistice based upon President Wilson's points brought no alleviation, but rather the contrary. The over-hasty demobilization and the territorial measures of her enemies caused Germany's economic system to suffer still further. By the handing over of 5,000 locomotives and the surrender of the mercantile marine to an international pool, the German economic system was deprived of its most important means of communication. It lacked not only Luxemburg ores, the coal of the Saar district, and the potash of Alsace-Lorraine, but even the means of communication, the arteries of its economic life, were taken away. Accordingly, the industrial catastrophes that have occurred are not so much the direct consequences of the war as the result of the armistice conditions.

This state of affairs has been rendered more acute by the duration of the blockade.

Another result of the sudden end of the war was that over 8,000,000 men had to be demobilized, and at the present moment over 1,000,000 unemployed have to be supported by the Treasuries of the States and the Empire. The requisite funds can only be obtained by continual credits.

Up to the date of the political revolution, Germany's war burdens, apart from her liabilities as regards pensions for those disabled in the war and soldiers' dependents, had increased to the enormous sum of 135,000,000,000 marks. The armistice, indeed, caused Germany's economic system to stand still, but did not put an end to her expenditure. Considerable outlay was necessitated by the enemy occupation of the left bank of the Rhine. More than 5,000,000,000 marks in army material have been swallowed up and lost to the Empire. To that sum must be added the current outlay on the war-disabled and the dependents of soldiers to an amount of 4,500,000,000 marks per annum.

What assets are there to balance these debits? The enemy relies on the well-known estimates of Dr. Helfferich of the national wealth, which he placed in 1913 at between 310,000,000,000 and 315,000,000,000 marks. But he forgets one thing, *viz.*, that these figures related to a country in a flourishing condition, but that since that date these figures have been criticized as being too high. Moreover, the enemy overlooks the decisive factor, *viz.*, that the estimates of the national wealth must always be interpreted from the standpoint that all portions of this wealth are only of value so long as they are backed by the productive efforts of the workers. By the removal of the rolling-stock and the destruction of the country's domestic and foreign trade, the value of the nation's wealth has been everywhere reduced. For example, numbers of Hamburg commercial firms, and the shipping companies, have been mulcted of the value of their property. In peace time the Prussian railways showed a credit balance of 6,000,000,000 marks, but now they are working at a loss of over 2,000,000,000 marks. Not only in money values, but in material values, has Germany suffered enormous losses. With 1,600,000 men fallen in the war, the labor value of 8 per cent of the population and of 16 per cent of the males has been lost,

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and this loss has occurred among the most efficient portion of the population. Moreover, more than 800,000 soldiers or civilians are retained in foreign countries, millions of men disabled in the war are prevented from the further use of their full working strength, and the efficiency of the entire population has been reduced to a minimum by years of under-feeding.

The soil of Germany has been farmed down to the utmost possible limit and the capacity of output of her agriculture has been reduced to 75 per cent. Farm buildings are in an utterly neglected condition. The stock of cattle has been for the most part slaughtered. The forests are devastated. In the domain of industry the transformation of works necessary for the production of munitions has caused vast losses, the industrial concerns have also been worked to death and their machinery and tools have been used until they are practically worn out. The railways, the rolling stock and the rails, the roads, important means of national production, are all in a hopeless condition. The formerly well-stocked warehouses of the commercial world to-day stand empty — a tragic spectacle! In any case, it is absolutely impossible to-day to say any longer that Germany's national wealth, after the unfortunate end to the war, amounts to 310,000,000,000 marks or anything like that sum. Taking into consideration the increased prices, it may be possible to assume higher nominal values and to state that the property of the individual businesses assessed in marks may show higher figures. But if the actual property of the nation is assessed in the old gold marks, there can be no doubt but that the national wealth of Germany has been sensibly reduced.

What means then are there at Germany's disposal to enable her to pay foreign countries? Since she has surrendered locomotives, ships, securities, and foreign capital, the answer to this question can only be: she no longer has the means. The blame for the position in which Germany finds herself to-day attaches not so much to the war as to the war methods of her enemies directed against her trade and her economic system, measures which have struck her to the heart. Germany to-day is like a tree whose roots have all been cut away. How is it possible to cause this tree to blossom and bear fruits? How is the country to create new values when all the prerequisites, raw materials, foodstuffs, labor, and credit are lacking? Germany has bound herself to accept President Wilson's Fourteen Points and to make good all the damage in the occupied territories. This promise will be kept in spite of all difficulties that may arise, but no further promise has been made and no further promise could be kept.

The liabilities we have assumed we can only wipe out by our labors. We have divided the estimated current annual expenditure, including outlay that only will occur once, into four categories without considering payments to our enemies:

(*a*) Outlay on the civil service.

(*b*) Outlay on the army and colonies.

(*c*) Outlay connected with the Imperial debts.

(*d*) Various other expenses.

Taking an average of the years 1913 to 1917, the expenditure under the first heading was formerly budgeted for at the ludicrously small figure of 200,000,000 marks. This is exclusive of the expenditure on the post office. That department has ceased to show a credit balance. The civil service estimates will have to be doubled and will, therefore, amount to 400,000,000 marks.

Now we come to the army, navy, and colonies. The tendency to force us to

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keep up a professional army is very marked. We have, however, assumed that we must start by counting upon an expenditure of 2,000,000,000 marks, the outlay in peace time; we shall hardly be able to spend less on this item. That in spite of the League of Nations, of which we are the most zealous advocates, we must think of a defensive force is not the fault of our special circumstances only — for every government in times of uncertainty and excitement requires the means of executing the will of the nation — but also especially of our geographical position. The German Army is to-day the only sentinel guarding all Europe from the disturbing forces of the Eastern lunacy. By keeping that army intact we are serving not only our own ends, but those of the entire civilized world. That this outpost duty is not made impossible by the destruction of our efficiency is a special interest of our enemies; it is an insurance premium on their part as well that they will have to make good to us in some form or other.

We now come to the extraordinarily heavy item of the relief expenditure occasioned by the war from 1914 to 1919. In the present budget we have only put it down as 1,500,000,000 marks. But we know from experience that objective consequences of the ravages of war will by degrees become apparent in an extraordinarily high percentage of ex-soldiers. Before I entered office the War Ministry estimated that a sum amounting to 4,250,000,000 marks would be required. It may be large enough for the moment, but I am unable to say how soon the upward tendency will cease. The estimate was made before the increase of December and before we promised that the increase of 40 per cent granted should be extended to all relief payments to those disabled in the war. We may put the sum at 4,250,000,000 marks with a good conscience, and must expect it to amount to that, since the French have put down their outlay at exactly 4,250,000,000 francs. It would appear, then, that there is no need to quarrel with our opponents with respect to that item.

The interest payable on the Empire's peace debt amounts to 230,000,000 marks per annum. To that must be added the war debt. The outlay occasioned by the war must be set down at the extraordinarily high figure of 185,000,000,000 marks. By December 31, 1918, we had received 146,000,000,000 marks. In January we required 3,500,000,000 marks; in February, 2,700,000,000 marks; in March, 2,000,000,000 marks; and we shall require for the next twelve months of the current year at least 1,500,000,000 marks per month for winding up the war. The war debt is the most dangerous item in our finances, the item which imposes the heaviest burden on our accounts.

In addition to the war expenditure which has already increased and may be expected still to remain over, we must add the following: The outlay on acquiring land by virtue of the War Services Act (*Kriegsleistungsgesetz*) is an item amounting to 500,000,000 marks. The expenditure on indemnities for the district devastated by the war amounts to 4,500,000,000 marks. The cost of indemnifying German shipping firms is estimated at 1,500,000,000 marks, and the cost of grants still outstanding to the Federal States for 'families' relief' is at the moment 6,000,000,000 marks. That makes in all an additional 12,500,000,000 marks. The debt of 185,000,000,000 marks without redemption requires an annual sum of 9,248,000,000 marks.

Then, too, the contemplated unification of the railways during the next few years will cost money. Last year the

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Prussian railways showed a loss of 2,000,000,000 marks, unless I am mistaken. In short, before matters are once more normal and the deficit has become a surplus, a considerable time must elapse, and even then it will be necessary to take over the Prussian debt. The sum of 14,000,000,000 marks, as estimated for the Empire's debts in my predecessor's memorandum of December 31 last, has, as I have shown, been further increased.

We arrive, therefore, at an absolutely necessary Imperial requirement of 17,429,000,000 marks, of which, in any case, as far as I can see, 12,000,000,000 marks are still to be obtained and covered by taxation.

Now the taxable resources of the Empire are unified, and so in order to estimate the total indebtedness of the German Empire we must, of course, include all items of expenditure arising in the State and the Communes. These amounted before the war to 3,300,000,000 marks, and may now from data at our disposal be placed at 5,600,000,000 or 6,000,000,000 marks.

The total estimate, in which everything is included, is, as I have already said, 13,164,000,000 marks. The certain expenditure is 17,429,000,000 marks. There remain, therefore, 4,500,000,000 or 5,000,000,000 marks to be covered. These are sums of unprecedented size. The deficit is considerably greater for the Empire than for all the incomes of assessable individuals in Prussia, if those having an income less than 2,100 marks are deducted. With the deduction of these small incomes, there remain only 14,500,000,000 marks. The total income of all Prussians, if those are excluded who have the minimum income of 900 marks, amounted on the assessment for 1917 to 19,000,000,000 marks. With our future taxes we slice into capital and income, according to my scale, to the extent of from 60 to 70 per cent in the case of large capital and income—in Saxony at the present day the existing taxation rises to 50 per cent — and proportionately in the case of small incomes. This is all the harder, as now a large part of this expenditure, not merely indirectly but directly, must be borne by the workers. It is not feasible to release a man with 5,000 to 6,000 marks a year from the income tax. The more the pyramid is reduced, the more the large fortunes disappear, and the masses become prosperous, the more must taxes be laid on the shoulders of the masses. That cannot be helped, and the obvious source for taxation is that which we wish to utilize on democratic principles.

These large sums we are obtaining at the moment, since a regulated financial system is non-existent, entirely by credits. The sums required are granted as credits by the legislative bodies, and based on these credits, notes are printed which are, unfortunately, counterbalanced by no increase of the Empire's wealth, since for the most part they have to be expended on unproductive objects.

That the Imperial credit at home and abroad must be seriously impaired is obvious. There is actually an uncovered credit account of nearly 7,000,000,000 marks in the ordinary budget, and of 24,000,000,000 marks in the extraordinary, and the accounts can only be placed on a satisfactory basis when the expenditure in the extraordinary budget ceases and all current expenses are placed to the ordinary account and balanced by the corresponding receipts from taxation. The Empire can only in this way attempt to deserve the credit which it demands. So long as that is not the case our exchange in foreign countries cannot rise, our capacity to fulfill our obligations to our opponents cannot be increased; it is, therefore, en-

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tirely to their interests not to interrupt or render difficult our very earnest endeavors to place our finances on a sound footing.

For what would happen if our enemies were now to say, if you can raise 14,000,000,000 marks and more within the Empire, why do you not pay us this amount to begin with? Simply strike off the main items of expenditure! The 4,500,000,000 marks which we have to pay to the war-disabled cannot be struck off. Hundreds of thousands require their grants to enable them to obtain a bare livelihood, otherwise they would be homeless and would have to be cared for. For the rest, the French are reckoning on a sum of 4,000,000,000 francs for their war-disabled. In comparison our sum does not appear too large. It is equally impossible to strike off the interest on the war loans. Many holders of war loan stock need the interest to pay for their maintenance; trades and industries have emptied their warehouses to buy war loan, and have invested the reserve funds for reconstructing their businesses in war loan. They count on being able always to turn their war loan stock into money, in order to restore their capacity for production to its old dimensions. But there is another point that is frequently emphasized: a large part of the war loan stock is held by general welfare relief institutions. It forms the sheet-anchor of the entire economic life, since old age, invalidity, and life insurance companies, and, above all, the savings banks, draw a large part of their revenue from the interest on war loans. According to the latest estimates, the savings banks alone have invested 40 per cent of their deposits in war loan.

Accordingly, we are unable to strike off either items of our revenue or of our taxation receipts. But 23,000,000,000 marks in taxes amounts to more than double the total income of all Prussians receiving over 3,000 marks per annum. If one tries, as would be natural, to impose the burden on the consumption of luxuries, one knows from long experience that the so-called pure luxury taxes do not yield a large profit. The total burden of taxation will amount to not much less than two thirds of the large incomes in the highest classes.

From all this it would appear that the payment of a war indemnity of 125,000,000,000 francs, or even in yearly installments of 4,000,000,000 francs is outside the bounds of possibility. We lack the exchange. We can only pay by our labor. In order to re-start this and to make it successful, foodstuffs and, above all, raw materials, are indispensable. Only by our opponents granting us very large exchange credits and giving us time to work will it be possible for us actually to fulfill the obligations laid upon us by President Wilson.

And just as we hope by increased public-mindedness and the elimination of all friction between each other to make good the destruction of property and arrive at an orderly, peaceful existence with a full appreciation of the necessities of our neighbor, so the logic of facts is bound to lead our opponents to the conviction that this principle must also be applied in public life if universal misery is to be avoided. The realization of this fact has already made great progress among the economically minded, especially in leading circles in America. May it also be realized in time by the representatives of the Powers in Paris, so that the splendid picture of a new world based on conciliation and equality may not remain an empty caricature.

The Berliner Zeitung, May 3

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TALK OF EUROPE

UNDER the title 'The Hard Peace,' Herr Maximilian Harden devotes a long article in the *Zukunft* to the Peace Terms. He says:

'No delegate in twenty-three centuries has had such a sorry task as the tragic and dismal duty laid on the German delegation of concluding peace with twenty-three nations in Versailles.' Herr Harden, who remarks of M. Clemenceau that of all the men assembled at Versailles, he assuredly could not deny having willed the war, refuses to believe that M. Clemenceau, like Brennus after victory over the ancient Romans, wishes to show his mortal enemy that the vanquished have no rights, and are to be handed over entirely to the victor's good pleasure.

'Yet,' continues Herr Harden, 'he is not content with the return of Alsace-Lorraine, for which he hardly dared to hope in his wildest dreams. He wants the Sarre Basin; political, or at least economic domination over the left bank of the Rhine; and a mountain of money. Germany cannot pay.' Herr Harden does not believe that the German delegates will present Germany's position in a sensible way. He points to the advice given them, 'to refuse all hard conditions, and to give the proletarian parties of the Western Powers time for agitation in our favor, and save what seems capable of being saved.' This advice, in Herr Harden's view, is the explanation of the 'manifestoes issued at the Foreign Ministry's request by all kinds of associations of traders, professors, and preachers,' of the Pan-German memorandum, and the attacks on President Wilson.

'President Wilson would have been able to achieve much more,' says Herr Harden, 'if you and others like you had not remained stubbornly on the side of unreason and injustice. Had you uttered only one energetic word against the devastation of Belgium, the deportation of men and girls, the rough and greedy destruction of factories and machinery in Belgium and Northern France; had Germany, who declared herself to be a newly-constituted State, given expression in her government organs, or at least through her public bodies, of repentance for these crimes and repudiated the guilty persons, then President Wilson would have had a weapon against Belgian and French hatred, which is the most understandable of any in history.' Germany can only proclaim her own rights when she has with courageous dignity confessed the wrong committed by her. Because not a word of regret or of readiness to atone came from the head of our Republic, the Peace will now be hard. He who rejects it stands before the judgment seat of the nations. A clear answer is due from him to the question: 'What has he done to prove to the world the birth of a new spirit in his Fatherland?'

Herr Harden incidentally remarks that the naval blockade, which is given the disgusting name of hunger blockade, is, as everybody must know, and even the war jurist Kriege always admitted it, a military method permitted by international law, the mildest ever applied, and one the application of which was always regarded as inevitable, and which Great Britain was willing in 1907 to renounce. It only remained applicable in 1914 because, seven years previously at The Hague, Germany secured the defeat of the motion for its abolition.

GERMAN newspaper advertisements indicate that the month of June is likely to be a heavy one for German readers, besides providing a great quantity of new material for historians. Thus the *Memoirs* of Ludendorff are announced; so are those of Admiral von Tirpitz. There are, besides, a volume of *Recollections* by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and a three-volume edition of the *Reminiscences* of Count von Hertling which latter, if they are brought down to the Count's period of office, seem likely to be of special interest and importance. To this literature which is due to be issued there must be added the books which have

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already appeared. Among these the most important is the volume of Herr von Jagow to which a review in the *Times* did justice, and a pamphlet by Count von Pourtalés, the German Ambassador to Petrograd during the last fateful weeks before the outbreak of the war. Our *Daily Telegraph* revelations are as almost nothing compared with the flood of Cabinet and diplomatic revelations which is beginning to burst on Germany.

Now that Lord Reading has returned, there is much discussion in England concerning the future of the Washington Embassy. The name of Mr. Fisher, champion of the Education Bill, is being mentioned for the post. The first of the two following clippings comes from the London *Nation*, the second from the *New Statesman:*

I

'It is difficult to explain and more difficult to excuse, the government's long delay in the important matter of the Embassy to the United States. When Lord Reading was sent to Washington his retention of the Lord Chief Justiceship was a plain indication that the appointment was of a temporary character. At the time of his visit to England last year it was known that he would return to America merely in order to wind up the work of the mission which had been his particular concern. Parliament and the public generally have no real appreciation of the fact that Great Britain has not had in Washington since the beginning of the war an Ambassador in the full and true sense. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice was a broken man for months before the resignation that was followed immediately by his death. Lord Reading — of course a far abler and more brilliant man than his predecessor — has been less an Ambassador than the head of a special mission, and, indeed, he has been less a diplomatic than a financial agent of Great Britain, and the fact has been fully recognized in Washington and New York. Moreover, for months together during his brief period of office, the work of the Embassy, in this most critical of times, has been left in the hands of the Secretaries and of Sir Henry Babington-Smith, a quiet, efficient, and admirable representative of the world in which he has been trained. The new Ambassador should unquestionably have been definitely chosen a year ago. But at the moment of Lord Reading's return there is no announcement of his successor.

'The occasion involves for the Prime Minister and his colleagues at once a great challenge and a great opportunity. It would be impossible to exaggerate the peril of a wrong choice, and equally impossible to overstate the good of a right one. The welfare of the world depends, in a degree which cannot be computed, upon Anglo-American friendship and coöperation, and no one who is not willfully blind can refuse to see that the two countries are entering upon a period full of difficulty, more than sufficiently charged with the chances of mutual misunderstanding. On both sides of the Atlantic all men of vision and of good will echo the words of the present American Ambassador in London: "Let the two peoples never quarrel!" But a pious aspiration is of little force by itself. The friendship between England and America cannot take care of itself. Nor, on the other hand, can it be improved, or even tolerably maintained, if we continue the policy toward America, official and non-official, which was adopted during America's neutrality and developed after her entry into the war. We need, first, a return to the Bryce tradition. We need, secondly, a drastic change in the direction and temper of our public offices in the United States.

'English people who are personally unacquainted with America have no adequate means of measuring the greatness of the stroke by which Lord Bryce became the spokesman of Britain. Wisdom in this matter consists in our realizing that the standard then set should be as closely as possible upheld. To Washington we should send a great Englishman. He need not be a prominent statesman; he should not be a professional diplomat. The post does not demand a gift of oratory; but the Ambassador must be a man who can speak, finely and variously, to the American people. He should be able to interpret the common political and intellectual tradition; he should be no stranger to American history and institutions; he should be at home in the assemblies of educated men and women.

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where the vital affairs of the new age are debated. And (a most essential point) he should be free from personal affectation. Such a man comes seldom out of legations. He is always rare; but never, in England, undiscoverable.'

II

'Our poverty in diplomatic talent is thrown up with painful distinctness in the popular nomination of Mr. Lowther as the one man fitted to represent us in the vacant Embassy at Washington. Not that the nominee does not deserve his primacy in the informal plebiscite. He typifies the complete English gentleman as the most fastidious of Englishmen might wish to paint that ideal — the not over-pedantic scholar, the one-time athlete, the squire, the traveled man of the world, the scion of a race which has inscribed its name on the roll of every Parliament since the days of Simon de Montfort, a man of sense and pleasant humor, of fine presence, great natural dignity, and a rather bluff, yet essentially tactful, openness of speech; in a word, the very antithesis of all that used to stand for the insular John Bull. Admirable qualities in an Ambassador, no doubt. But Mr. Lowther, after all, happens to be Speaker of the House of Commons, which has already been nearly bled white of men of distinction. "We are all of us wanted, but not very much," says a philosopher of the admirable country for whose sake, as well as our own, this latest sacrifice is suggested. Mr. Lowther must be an exception. He is not only wanted, but wanted very much in the present House of Commons.

'Have we nobody else, not indeed who could be better spared (for that would be to widen the field of choice unduly), but who possesses just those qualities of personality and prestige which the peoples of both countries have a right to look for in the holder of this post? Several political names occur — Asquith, Balfour, Grey, Birrell, Rosebery — but they are those of men either tied to duties at home or who, for reasons of health or age, might feel that their best work was done. Besides, one can think of objections to all of them. In letters our more celebrated vintages seem to come to maturity at an earlier age, but it has never been our custom to export much of this priceless stuff to foreign Embassies. Perhaps we are apprehensive lest if Mr. Kipling, for instance, went to Washington — as he would inevitably have come to St. James's had he been born an American — he might become denaturalized and take to writing Star-spangled Banners.'

Jade.

M. Sazonoff, the well-known Russian statesman, who was Minister for Foreign Affairs from 1910 to 1916, and is at present the representative in Paris of the governments of Admiral Kolchak at Omsk and General Denikin at Ekaterinodar, has been discussing the Russian situation with a correspondent of the *Morning Post*. He said that the news from the region west of Petrograd appeared to be good. He did not think the Bolsheviki would be able to put up a strong resistance to the mixed Russian and Esthonian forces which were advancing on Petrograd, and that there was good reason to hope for the early fall of the city The capture of Petrograd was a highly desirable event in every way. It would at length be possible to mitigate the terrible conditions prevailing there, a state of suffering, immeasurably and incomparably worse than anything the Germans had had to bear — a city ravaged by disease and starvation, swept clean of young children, who had died under their mothers' eyes for lack of milk. Further, the fall of Petrograd could not fail to have a great moral effect throughout the country.

The news from Admiral Kolchak, on the eastern front, is also good. Admiral Kolchak's Government is, in truth, the Provisional Government of Russia, the only government in the country which counts, and the one to which all Russians loyal to their own country and to the Allies have rallied. It has been recognized by the Archangel Government, and, if its recognition by General Denikin's Government has not been publicly announced, it can only be because communication with General Denikin is at present practically nonexistent. M. Sazonoff, of course, hopes for the recognition of Admiral Kolchak's Government by the Allies as the Government of Russia at an early date. He protested vigorously against the accusation

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brought against Admiral Kolchak and General Denikin that they are 'reactionaries.' They are nothing of the sort. Denikin is a peasant's son, and nobody less 'reactionary' could be imagined. M. Sazonoff declared that the arousing of prejudice against the men who were saving Russia on the ground that they were reactionaries was undoubtedly largely the work of enemy propagandists, who, unfortunately, found too many credulous persons to listen to them.

The very serious rise in the rate of exchange against France is bound to have grave consequences in connection with the whole of French post-war trade, and there is one aspect of it that is particularly disquieting. It must be remembered that while 100 francs are only worth 60.50 francs in London, and 67.40 francs in New York, in Berlin they are worth 208 francs 66 centimes. The direct result of this state of affairs is, of course, to render it far more advantageous for the French merchant to trade with Germany than with the allies of France, and more advantageous also for French business houses to buy ready-made goods in Germany than to encourage French industries. Should this continue, the result would be the closing down of French factories and the establishment of Germany as mistress of the French market. The logical remedy for this abnormal rise of the exchange against France would be to export large quantities of French goods. But France has as yet nothing to export, and to manufacture goods it is first necessary to import raw materials, thus running the risk of a further depreciation of the franc.

It is, indeed, a thorny problem which the French authorities have to solve. Meanwhile, there is nothing to prevent German goods from entering France, and pencils, cutlery, thermometers, and photographic accessories imported from Germany have already appeared on the market. These mainly come from the occupied areas, and no objection seems to be made to their import, provided that the regular Customs dues are paid. The only way to prevent such import would seem to be by some artificial equalization of the mark and the franc, the profit to go to the Red Cross, or some work of charity indicated by the French Government. If some energetic step is not taken soon, there is a likelihood that it will not be long before Europe is again flooded with cheap German goods.

Interesting results have followed the search which the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland have been prosecuting at Traprain Law, a prominent landmark lying between the East Lothian seaboard and the range of the Lammermoors, on Mr. A. J. Balfour's Whittingehame estate. Before the war important discoveries had been made, but the work of investigation had to cease temporarily in 1915. Very soon after the armistice, work was again resumed, and a few weeks ago finds were made which are described by Mr. George Macdonald, writing in the *Scotsman*. The excavators came upon a pit two feet deep and two feet wide filled to the brim with metal vessels, etc. Everything was carefully removed and taken to Edinburgh for examination. When the boxes were opened, they were found to contain, according to the *Scotsman*, a rich collection of fourth century silver plate, whose crushed and broken condition stamped it as loot and destined for the melting pot. Two tiny coins gave the date; the first had been struck by Valens, who was Emperor from 364 to 378 A.D.; the other by one of his successors, either Gratian or Honorius. The appearance of the metal might have suggested pewter, but the beauty of the decoration left no room for doubt as to its being something much more precious. As the coating of dirt was removed from one piece after another, fresh features of interest constantly emerged. At first the ornament seemed predominantly classical; Pan with his pipes and the birth of Venus were prominent among the figure subjects. But later the Miraculous Draught of Fishes was detected on another vessel, while more than one example of the Chi-Rho monogram was noted among the inscriptions.

In view of the strength of the Christian element it seemed not unlikely that the cachet had contained the spoil of a monastery, and there is much in the general character of the find that goes to confirm

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this hypothesis. The vessels have been of the most miscellaneous sort — flagons, chalices, platters, bowls, spoons, and the like. But there are one or two of them that must surely have been church furniture. A delicately fashioned little strainer, for instance, has the holes with which it is pierced arranged in such a way as to form the Chi-Rho monogram in the centre, and the legend 'Jesus Christus' round the margin. Again, on a plain band that surrounds the neck of a richly decorated flask, is a punctured inscription, the first and last letters of which are separated by the Chi-Rho monogram, flanked by Alpha and Omega. The inscription itself —'Prymiacœisiapi'— has not yet been satisfactorily interpreted, but it is conceivable that it may ultimately yield the name of the abbey to which the vessel originally belonged.

That the plunder was brought from overseas may be assumed with confidence. The gem of the collection is probably the embossed cup with illustrations from Bible history. This, by the way, has originally been gilded. It displays the same indefinable charm that one associates with the work of the early Renaissance.

The loot was carried to East Lothian from Gaul. Who were the raiders who carried it? History suggests an answer. The Celt of the Lothians was not a pirate. Neither was he a savage who would gash a thing of beauty with battle-axe and chisel. But we know that, long before the Romanized Britons were abandoned to their fate by the central government, the sea-robbers from the Frisian coast had become a formidable menace. The suggestion that it was Angles or Saxons who buried the silver is curiously and finally confirmed by the occurrence in the hoard of one or two articles of unmistakably Teutonic workmanship — a buckle, a silver fibula, and what seems to be a hand-mirror made of bronze. No objects of a similar kind have yet been found upon the hill at all. The pirates, therefore, were not in occupation long. And, when they did leave it was either in hot haste or with the full intention of returning. Otherwise, they would have taken their store of bullion with them.

It is some six or seven years since Mr John Galsworthy first tried to stir up opinion in favor of a united condemnation by the civilized world of aerial warfare. He wrote hard in the press, and not long before the outbreak of war was enlisting the support of leading citizens in all the professions for a petition to the government. I can remember with what diligence he canvassed his friends and set them to work. But, for the most part, politicians and men of letters seem to have thought that the idea was like Mr. Galsworthy but it was not business.

He has a letter in the *Observer* pointing the coincidence of the Hawker triumph and the discovery of Lewisite, the new compact poison, of which, as we are told, ten aeroplanes can carry sufficient to destroy a great city and makes an end of every kind of life within its limits. If, says Mr. Galsworthy, this statement is exaggerated now it will very soon not be. And we are all living in a fool's paradise; for verily, 'this exploitation of the air is the devil reincarnate.' Leagues of nations are nothing 'when the laboratory and the aeroplane can wipe out civilization in a week.'

Paris recently celebrated the feast day of St. Joan of Arc. Before the war, this was a distinctively Church-against-State festival. While Republican Paris went its own way, cheerfully pagan, the aristocratic and conservative quarters of Paris departed from their proud reserve, and hung out blue and white banners by day, Japanese lanterns at night. Silent and shuttered on July 14 and all other festivals of France as She Is, the windows of France as She Was each opened (in itself an event), to admit of the adornment of a scrap of bunting or an end of candle. And all the elderly Breton and Norman ladies who lived in the little flats in the dull houses that stand in front of the palaces of the Faubourg St. Germain, felt that they had snapped their fingers in the face of authority, and had not only raised but flaunted the Oriflamme in the very face of this upstart Republic. Behind the dull houses lay the shuttered palaces, many of them crumbling, because their owners preferred (and still prefer) to nibble a crust from a silver platter in Brittany

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rather than to recognize that Republican Paris blots the globe with its presence.

To-day, Joan of Arc has sadly embarrassed this proud Remnant. She has become a popular saint; the saint of the Victory of France. During the last four years, many an isolated aristocrat has doffed his aristocracy in favor of his nationality, and fought side by side with his butcher and his baker for France; and his mother and his aunts and his elderly young sisters have knitted for Jean as they have knitted for Raoul. Politics have deserved the banner of Joan, for it is hung with new laurels. During the celebration on the Place de l'Opera itself, an altar was raised to her. In the middle of the middle of the Republic!

The procession which passed through Paris was watched by quantities of police, but they were far from interfering with it; their methods were in startling contrast to those they employed on May 1. The public was kept off the Place de l'Opera, but that was in order that the procession might have space in which to defile past the 'Altar to the Fatherland,' represented by a medallion of Victory and a medallion of Joan of Arc. The Allies were represented by Canadians and Australians and Americans, and the procession was headed by a group of Alsatians and Lorrainers in costume who had come to Paris for this purpose and every now and then responded to the shouts of '*Vive l'Alsace*,' '*Vive la Lorraine*,' '*Vive le Saar*,' by joyous cries of '*Vive Paris*.' It was a good-hearted sort of festival, and a bourgeois festival, which must have shocked the Faubourg very much.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

H. M. Hyndman, veteran journalist, author, and political agitator is chairman of the Socialist Party.

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H. N. Brailsford, author and journalist, and former relief agent in the Balkans, is now leader-writer to the *Nation*.

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A. W. Howlett is an English civil servant who has lived long in India.

Leon Daudet, Royalist, literary critic, and fiery Nationalist, is a son of Alphonse Daudet and editor of *L'Action Francaise*.

* * *

Lord Charnwood, sometime tutor at Balliol and M.P. for Woodstock Division (Oxford), is the author of the fine and sympathetic life of Abraham Lincoln published in the *Makers of the Nineteenth Century* Series.

* * *

Harold Cox, economist and Conservative journalist, is the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

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DAFFODILS

BY WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

They pluck you from the wind-run paradise
Of old green orchards, careless of your grace,
Blind to your dancing trumpet beauty, bent,
As fishermen for pearls, to reft a prize
Will bring them gain. And down your quivering ranks
The rumor goes, your faery clarions ring
'*Red hands! Red hands!*' as the sharp scissors click,
Cutting the golden glory of your youth,
Ruthlessly reaping, bunch by glistening bunch,
A springtide harvest for the dusty town.

Then, in your osier prisons, water-sprent,
On jolting wagons heaped with cabbages,
Life's last adventure takes you.

Well for you
If no harsh blundering heel of porter crushes
Your splendor in the turmoil of the morn,
If, to your doomed, sweet life the day is kind
And florists bring you safely to their jars.

Some will be woven into living wreaths
For fragrant honor of the mouldering dead,
These shall await in calm expectancy
The wilting and the withering of life,
And when they die, shriveled and graceless forms
To crisp and crackle in the diggers' hands,
They shall be strown upon the dust of men.

And some on dim high altars shall be decked.
These in the mellow loveliness of light
From vitrail of old windows shall be set,
And in still, lonely candlelight shall bloom,
Pan's tribute to his thorn-crowned conqueror.

And some in glittering restaurants shall know
The cruelty of odorous meats and wines,
Shrinking in anguish till a waiter throws
Them casually with garbage in a bin.

And some will fade in rooms of courtesans
Drowsy with evil scents, and speak rebuke
Voiceless upon the midnight.

Some will pass
Their span rejoicing sick and broken souls
In hospitals, where springtide blossoms are
Sunrays in darkness.

But the multitude
Will wither out their joy in homes of men.
A living decoration. These shall be
Tended by quiet hands unto the end.

The New Witness

PICKET

(*Essars, near Béthune, 1917*)

Dusk and deep silence . . .
Three soldiers huddled on a bench
Over a red-hot brazier,
And a fourth who stands apart
Watching the cold rainy dawn.
Then the familiar sound of birds —
Clear cock-crow, caw of rooks,
Frail pipe of linnet, the 'ting! ting!' of chaffinches,
And over all the lark
Outpiercing even the robin. . . .
Wearily the sentry moves
Muttering the one word: 'Peace.'

The Anglo-French Review

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